

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 129, Vol. 5.

April 17, 1858.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

THE curious scene of Monday night may have added little to the security of the Government or to the dignity of the House of Commons; but it is not sufficiently explained by Lord JOHN RUSSELL's supposed desire to benefit an opponent at the expense of a rival. It is true that there was every appearance of concert, of contrivance, and of unavowed purpose; but the most curious circumstance was that, notwithstanding many individual expressions of dissatisfaction, all parties in the House seemed to be accomplices in the plot. Lord PALMERSTON not unnaturally disapproved of a course of action which will have the immediate effect of delaying or preventing his return to office; yet he thought it prudent to acquiesce in a proposal which was ostensibly recommended only by the slightest and most conventional reason, and his more zealous partisans waste their time in declaiming against a measure which their leader has not found himself strong enough to resist. It is evident that, while the second India Bill has been unanimously repudiated, the earlier scheme is no longer supported by a majority of the House. Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Mr. DISRAELI have furnished Lord PALMERSTON's Bill with the kind of commentary which is sometimes best supplied by a caricature or parody. The ridicule and criticism which have been so abundantly heaped on the less popular measure, have been found to apply in part to the principle which was common to both the projects; for the whimsical construction of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's Council would have been absurd rather than mischievous. It matters comparatively little whether a Board without independent powers or definite functions is nominated by the Crown or elected by a constituency. Mr. DISRAELI's eager acquiescence in Lord JOHN RUSSELL's proposal requires no explanation. Lord DERBY had put out signals of distress at a time when he had perhaps already ascertained that assistance might be immediately expected, and it would have been unreasonable to reject a mode of escape which was, at the worst, less undignified than the simple abandonment of the Bill, or the adoption of the rival scheme. It is only surprising that a performer so experienced as the Ministerial leader did not act his part more skilfully, and exhibit some reluctance and hesitation. The attempt to correct the mistake by the expression of a hope that the House would be converted to his measure by the argument on the resolutions, was a still graver blunder; for if the Government had really thought it possible to carry their Bill by the help of discussion, they would certainly not have acquiesced in an indefinite adjournment of the second reading. It was prudent to pass as lightly as possible over the motives for an arrangement of which all parties were slightly ashamed.

The technical reasons for proceeding by resolution rather than by bill will not bear a strict examination. In referring to the precedent of 1813—a time at which many questions arose respecting trade—Lord JOHN RUSSELL tacitly admitted that a different course had been adopted in 1833 and in 1853; but a more conclusive reason against the suggestion might have been drawn from the recent votes of the House. The permission to bring in the Bills of the late and present Cabinets, which was granted in one instance by a large majority, and on the second occasion without a division, was undoubtedly inconsistent with the doctrine that Parliament was not in a condition to proceed with immediate legislation; but the respectable authority of Lord JOHN RUSSELL formed a sufficient substitute for a reason, when all contending parties had, from various motives, concurred in the adoption of the course which was recommended. The practical decision of the House was the more significant because its grounds were neither obvious nor readily intelligible. The logical confusion involved in the proposal was completed by the very proper refusal of the mover to undertake the respon-

sibility of framing the resolutions which are to be brought forward. Mr. DISRAELI's attempt to evade the duties which properly belong to a Minister, however unconstitutional and injudicious, was in some degree explained by the oddity of the task which was imposed upon him by his serviceable opponent. The principles of Indian legislation hitherto professed by the Government are more distinctly expressed in the Bill than they can be in any formal proposition which can be framed; and it may be supposed that Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in common with the House and the country, altogether disapproves of the Ministerial doctrine, for objections to machinery or to practical details might have been effectually urged during the discussion of the measure. Mr. DISRAELI is therefore called upon either to condemn his own project, or to repeat it that it may be unceremoniously condemned. The only remaining alternative would consist in resolutions too vague to lead to any practical conclusion. A string of barren propositions, equally consistent with both the rival Bills, would disappoint the evident desire of the House to escape the dilemma of choosing between them.

The proposed course will give the House of Lords a considerable advantage in the opportunity which it will afford them of carrying on the discussion simultaneously; for the Peers will not now be driven into precipitate legislation by the fear of a collision with the House of Commons. It was probably Lord JOHN RUSSELL's intention to give either House a veto on the further progress of the India Bills, and the prudence of a body which is hitherto wholly unpledged may be relied upon with reasonable confidence. Lord DERBY, however, may find some difficulty in regulating the movements of his eccentric colleague at the Board of Control. His own opinions, as far as they are settled, were perhaps sufficiently expressed in his late Mansion-House speech. He believes that the present system has succeeded perfectly, that there is little to hope from a new experiment, and that the proposed changes are only justified by the recent vote of the House of Commons, which has now been virtually rescinded. Lord ELLENBOROUGH's convictions are more definite, if not more just; and he is not likely to be conciliated by the reception of his own elaborate scheme. Within the Cabinet, as in Parliament, there is a sufficient conflict of opinion to render a compromise probable and convenient; and it fortunately happens that indefinite conclusions are more compatible with the form of resolutions than with the detailed enactments of a Bill. The approaching debates will either leave the question open, or terminate in a general wish for postponement and inquiry. Happily, almost all the eminent statesmen in both Houses have thus far kept their opinions in reserve; and whatever may be thought of the wisdom of remodelling a Government in the presence of a rebellion, it can scarcely be disputed that the subsidence of panic and agitation is favourable to serious deliberation.

The clamour which occasioned the movement for abolishing the Company now only survives in its result. That part of the English nation which habitually concerns itself with public affairs is no longer overborne and overpersuaded by assertions that the mutiny was attributable to religious indifference, or to undue regard for the rights and feelings of the natives. The more honest and moderate supporters of Lord PALMERSTON's measure have always maintained that, if the principle of Parliamentary interference were nominally sanctioned, it would be undesirable to disturb the existing system of administration; but the speakers and writers who originally demanded the change appealed to ignorant sympathies by urging the necessity of a social and legislative revolution. The advantage of the Double Government principally consists in the impediments which it offers to the influence of such agitations. Even in the present instance, the Company itself has borne the brunt of an outbreak which might

have been dangerous to the tranquillity of India. But the Minister who readily gave up the constitution of the Government to popular clamour, might perhaps have been equally willing, if his power had been already uncontrolled, to issue decrees against Hindooism, against caste, or in favour of the supremacy claimed by the English residents of Calcutta.

The pride of ostensible consistency will probably induce Parliament to transfer the nominal Government of India to the Crown; but it is now generally understood that a check on the caprice of the Minister is necessary, and that no effectual contrivance for the purpose has yet been devised. The Manchester petitioners, in proposing a scheme which is perhaps more feasible than either of the rival Bills, professedly wish to legislate for the benefit of England at the expense of Indian rights and prejudices. The problem of ruling a dependent empire in the spirit which would befit a native Government has thus far been approximately solved by the Company alone. It is not pretended that the Directors and their agents have been exempt from error either in their judgment or in their motives; but their policy has, on the whole, been determined by the considerations which might have influenced any enlightened rulers over an inferior race.

The intended resolutions and the debate will be of service in pointing out the numerous difficulties which the Legislature must be prepared to meet. Lord JOHN RUSSELL based his own adhesion to the principle of Lord PALMERSTON'S Bill on the assumed necessity of abolishing or reconstructing the native army; but he spoke when the plan of holding India by an English garrison was loudly announced as indispensable, and he will have to reconsider his opinion in the presence of a well-founded persuasion that our Eastern Empire, if it is to be retained at all, must furnish in a great measure the materials for its own defence. The hasty instructors of public opinion were unaware that, before the mutiny, the collective forces maintained by the native Princes considerably outnumbered all the English armies, including the subsidized Contingents; and it can scarcely be proposed that the allies who have so generally shown their fidelity shall be forcibly disarmed on the restoration of peace. When both Houses have carefully considered all the competing schemes of military organization, and when they have determined on the future character of the army, they will have satisfied one preliminary condition of prudent legislation.

Lord PALMERSTON intimates, in a dissatisfied tone, that an adjournment of the question to a future session might be preferable to the adoption of an unsatisfactory measure. The principal author of the complications from which the House is now awkwardly struggling to escape will probably be taken at his word. After a premature declaration by both political parties that something ought to be done, Parliament is now, for the first time, about to consider what it may be safe and expedient to do. The circumstances which place the initiative in the hands of those who have most recently and most conspicuously failed in their legislative attempts, are perhaps not unpropitious to a delay which is in itself highly desirable.

THE DILEMMA OF THE FRENCH LIBERALS.

ELECTIONS will be held in France on the 24th of this month, to fill up certain vacancies in the Legislative Body, one of which is caused by the lamented death of General CAVAIGNAC, and two others by the refusal of Messrs. GOUDCHAUX and CARNOT to take the oath of fidelity to the Empire. These elections will no doubt afford a new illustration of the criminal folly of those whose fanatical vanity, styling itself Republicanism and Communism, overthrew the Constitutional Monarchy of France. The Government of LOUIS PHILIPPE was charged, not unjustly, with the extensive practice of electoral corruption through the multitude of small appointments placed at its command for that purpose by the admirable system of administrative centralization. But it was not able to exclude from the Chambers an Opposition which, though in a minority, made every opinion heard, and effectually precluded by its free criticism the success, and even the promulgation, of any measures really detrimental to the liberties or honour of the nation. This Government was overthrown because it would not immediately initiate a measure of Parliamentary Reform; and in its place, by what Orleanists may be excused for calling a just retribution, is installed a Government which, to the practice of corruption on a scale never before witnessed, adds the shameless exercise of violence and falsification. To such a condition have

political chimeras reduced a country which, seventy years ago, was commencing not only its own regeneration, but the regeneration of the world.

Under these auspicious circumstances, the French Liberals are balancing between the alternative of placing almost hopeless votes in a fallacious urn, and that of dignified abstention. So determined does the Government of Universal Suffrage appear to prevent by force anything like the selection of candidates, canvassing, or united action on the part of its opponents, that it is not easy for foreigners to decide whether it is possible for the Liberal party to come to the poll. But supposing it to be possible, and regarding the question as one of expediency alone, it can hardly be doubted that the right course on this, as on all similar occasions, is that of action. The policy of abstention has been often tried, and has uniformly proved unsuccessful. Its invariable effect is to leave the dominant party at once in the legal possession and in the unrestricted use of power. The tenacious sympathy on which it reckons is foreign to the nature of the mass of mankind, who feel for the struggling, though they may be worsted, but who forget the dead, though they may have died by their own hand. It is a great mistake on the part of the founders of a despotism to retain the semblance of free institutions. Such institutions keep alive, and from time to time provoke into activity, the national self-respect which a more complete and frank usurpation might extinguish at once and for ever. The founders of the existing French despotism have committed this mistake, and it is not for their opponents to relieve them of its consequences. If one or two Liberals should find their way into the Legislative Body, they will be lost among the faithful adherents of the Empire, and will no doubt find themselves on all ordinary occasions sufficiently impotent and unimportant; but extraordinary occasions sometimes arise, even in the best regulated and most beloved despotisms, when the Conscript Fathers, instead of debating the dressing of DOMITIAN'S turbot, are called upon to debate the dressing of DOMITIAN, and respond to the call with all the more avidity because it affords them the opportunity of redeeming and avenging their previous degradation. The fears and precautions of the Government itself afford the most conclusive evidence as to the possible importance of a Liberal element, however numerically trivial, in the Legislative Body. An electoral contest will at least serve to fan the dying flame of honour and self-respect in some portion of the French people; and the Government may be driven to resort to practices for insuring the success of its own candidates which will fan the flame still higher, and revive the memory of the second of December in minds where time and habit have half converted usurpation into law. That the Government may derive the semblance of free support from its triumph in a polling the results of which, being master of the balloting urn, it can absolutely command, is a natural but an unfounded fear. All know and all can appreciate the conditions under which the contest is waged, and a repressive Government, so far from fighting at an advantage, fights at a great disadvantage as regards the judgment of public opinion. If defeated, its defeat will be taken as a sign of extreme weakness; if victorious, its victory will be imputed to its fraud.

To the minds of some of those concerned, however, the difficulty is not one of policy alone, but of honour. Not having ceased to protest against the *coup-d'état*, or the form of Government which issued from it, they object to take the requisite oath of allegiance to the Empire. There may be individual cases of insuperable difficulty. But, generally speaking, those who consent to live under an established Government, accepting the protection of its laws, suing and being sued in its Courts, and passing the coin which bears its image and superscription, can have no moral objection to swearing allegiance to it so long as it remains established by the original authority, which, in the present instance, is avowedly the will of the people. Such an oath is merely a solemn declaration of the submission which already exists. Nor can it bind the juror not to take part in improving the Constitution by legal means, or in resisting, by force if necessary, the encroachment of any particular power in the State upon the public rights and liberties which that power is pledged to respect. The "Empire" is not the EMPEROR, or his dynasty, but the whole of a system which professes, however hypocritically, to emanate from the popular will, and to afford guarantees for all the rights and privileges of the citizens, as well as for the authority of their elective chief. No more, indeed, is implied in taking the oath of allegiance to the Empire than in becoming a candidate for

election to a seat in the Imperial Assembly. A man may with a perfectly safe conscience do both, for the special purpose of maintaining and extending the liberties of the subject, provided that he intends to do so, while a member of the Assembly, by constitutional means alone; nor will his compact, however solemnly ratified, remain binding for a moment after its terms shall have been violated on the other side. This perhaps is not the view with which the oath is tendered by the EMPEROR. His object may be to create an obligation personally and indefeasibly binding on the conscience of each member of the Legislative Body to support him and his dynasty, without reference to the wishes and interests of his people, and in spite of any malfeasance or usurpation on his part. But to create such an obligation is not within the power of man. It is, however, a great tribute to human nature, and a rebuke to cynicism, when a ruler who himself overthrew, not by constitutional measures of change, nor even by open rebellion, but by such arts as those which LOUIS NAPOLEON used, a Government which he had repeatedly sworn before Heaven to respect and maintain, still believes that his throne, and that of his heirs, can be guarded by an oath.

The establishment of a military despotism in France is regarded by all the friends of freedom as a great calamity to that nation and to the civilized world. But, having been now for some time established, it must be treated as a legal Government, and it is ridiculous to act as though there were no Government, or as though the Government were in abeyance. All other Governments negotiate with the Empire, and feel that they are negotiating with France; and the most embittered refugee must perceive that they are right in so doing. The political defect in the origin of the present system must be allowed to wear out by a certain lapse of time, though the vices of the system may call as loudly as ever for improvement, and though the moral guilt attending its establishment may cleave for ever to the characters and consciences of those by whom it was established. A defeated Republican under the Empire is in exactly the same position as a defeated Orleanist under the Republic, or a defeated Legitimist under the Orleans dynasty. Political theories, however sound, are not moral laws, nor can any form of polity demand the indefeasible adhesion, or suspend by its temporary defeat the political duties, of mankind. The sympathy of all Constitutional nations will be with the French Liberals, accepting the adverse circumstances in which they are placed, and endeavouring to promote the cause of freedom and justice as far as those circumstances will permit. But it is very doubtful whether much sympathy will attend the fruitless though dignified exhibition of regret for a short-lived Republic, which in the eyes of all cool observers was, if not visionary, at least premature. The martyrdom of a party may be its regeneration, but its suicide is certain to be its end.

PEOPLE-OF-ENGLAND WORSHIP.

CURIOUS observers of the growth of opinion may have been struck, within the last week or two, by the immense progress made by a particular creed which is apt to have great success among free communities at the period of their decline. In France, the analogous form of this faith has resulted in a sort of Grand Lamaism; while in America it has taken an Erastian and Establishmentarian turn, existing chiefly for the sake of providing certain of its priests with benefices and dignities. But in these islands, People-of-England Worship has not yet passed the stage of passionate enthusiasm; and, indeed, it was only this day week that the most powerful of its converts for the first time publicly claimed omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence for his divinity. The East India Directors were the means of showing the lengths to which proselytism to this creed had gone. In their Report on the India Bills, they had advanced a proposition which the world, in its heathen ignorance, has hitherto regarded rather as a truism than as a paradox. They had asserted that the unquestionable advantages of free institutions are dependent on the condition that the affairs managed by the particular community shall be the affairs of the community itself; and they denied that, because the people of England govern England excellently, it therefore followed that they would govern India even tolerably. No sooner were these sentences in print, than the first journalist of the day threw up his hands and shouted "blasphemy!" What! deny that the people of England can do anything! Deny that they know everything! Anathema on the Directors who said this!

Anathema on the Company in whose interest it was said! The Court of Proprietors seemed rather amazed on Tuesday by the burst of theological indignation which their representatives had elicited; but we ourselves, knowing that this creed is one to which gentlemen of our own order are in danger of being converted, have long since prepared ourselves to see it openly professed. People-of-England Worship is, in fact, to the journalist what Romanism is to Dr. NEWMAN and Father FABER. He takes it with all the peculiar symptoms of a proselyte. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CORDEN were born into it, and that they are sincerely attached to it no one can doubt who watched how sorely their faith was tried during the Crimean war. But they know its weak points, and, like Cardinal WISEMAN, can on occasion discreetly keep them in the background. But the pervert of the press throws prudence to the winds. The paralogisms of his religion are exactly the points in it which bewitch him. What luxury for the man who has used and abused his reason for a dozen years to throw himself at last on the ample bosom of nonsense! What heavenly peace to get rid of one's responsibility to Logic! What infinite repose to be able to take everything for granted which is consecrated by the majestic aggregate of opinions which are contemptible in detail! People-of-England Worship is exactly the cult for *Habitans in Sicco* after he has been converted by Mr. SPURGEON.

The truths of People-of-England Worship require a special organ of perception to apprehend them. As in more solemn things, there are separate spheres for faith and reason; so the dogmas of the fashionable creed could never be seized by mere unassisted intelligence. For them the medium of understanding is "common-sense"—sometimes called, by way of dignity, "plain common-sense." To common-sense are opposed "originality," "cleverness," "constitution-mongering," and so forth, which are all vanities of the thinking, arguing, unregenerate outer world. The votary of People-of-England Worship, not walking by sight, discerns a variety of things which commend themselves to his common-sense, but which certainly are as far as possible from having any recommendation to his reason. Thus, for example, the "plain common-sense" of the Indian question is that, "when you have got a good man; you should give him plenty of elbow-room." The proposition is, as might be expected, oracular and sibylline. To the carnal eye, it appears to consist half of an hypothesis and half of a metaphor. The believer, with a deeper insight, perceives that it proves a Secretary of State for India, with four Under-Secretaries, to be superior to all the Councils and Courts of Directors in the universe. It is true that the heartless sceptic would perhaps emphasize the words "*when* you have got a good man." With a disgusting scoff he would repeat the famous culinary maxim, and bid you first catch your good man. Nay, he would impudently appeal to experience, and ask whether a VERNON SMITH or an ELLENBOROUGH—flippant ignorance or unballasted cleverness—represented the sort of good man who was to be trusted with plenty of elbow-room. But there are still greater depths of wickedness than this. The objector, with unhallowed audacity, would even proceed to translate that mystic trope, and suggest that plenty of elbow-room must mean ample liberty to do mischief. To this, however, it seems there is an orthodox reply. Granted that the Minister for India sends out to Calcutta a foolish, a wicked, or an impracticable mandate. What then? The Governor-General in India will refuse to execute it, or if he doesn't, we shall all hear of it in three weeks by the electric telegraph which will be completed some day, and there will be plenty of time to turn out the Minister and recal his order. Now certainly, unaided reason would never have hit upon considerations like these. It would have argued, from the cardinal tenet of the faith itself—the *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesie*—that the Minister in Cannon-row, the Governor-General at Calcutta, and the *Times* in Printing House-square, being all expressions of the popular majesty, could not possibly correct each other. With far severer consistency than these religionists, the pure Ultramontane, whom they most resemble, objects to the assembling of a General Council on the ground that, if it deserved the name, the conclusions at which it arrived could only be those which the POPE reaches by an easier and shorter route. If the Minister for India, under a PALMERSTON Government, be in the wrong, we should like to know what the chances are that the *Times* and the Governor-General will be in the right.

There was a disposition in the Court of Proprietors on

Tuesday last to remonstrate with the *Times*, as if, in its recent articles, it had intended to deal seriously with the reasoning of the Directors' Report. This is a great mistake. These theological technicalities should always be referred to the theory which colours them; and it ought to be quite understood that the common-sense to which our contemporary appeals is not only distinct from reason, but diametrically opposed to it. It is called in with the clear expectation that it will give different results from those which would be afforded by any mere intellectual faculty. The "ungentlemanly libel" which the *Times* complained of in vehement diction but dishevelled grammar, was only inferior in logical power to the famous Petition of the East India Company because the propositions it stated belonged most of them to the class of self-evident truisms. The Petition had in all conscience given trouble enough to Lord PALMERSTON and his followers; and it would have been intolerable that politicians who had planned the abolition of the East India Company in the rather premature belief that it was desired by the people of England, should be driven a second time to the hardship of finding reasons for their undertaking. Hence came the convenience of referring everything to the supreme behests of the people of England, which, as is perhaps not unusual with theologians, was all the more violently asserted to have decreed the extinction of the Court of Directors from a lingering doubt whether its will had been properly interpreted. It was still more superfluous for the Proprietors to explain to the *Times* that they had never meant to insinuate that it could be bribed by opulent ex-Rajahs or wealthy Missionary-societies. Of course, they never meant it; but they should make allowances for that jealousy of his moral purity which is natural in a convert just revelling in the rarefied atmosphere of a high spiritual elevation. How could the arch-priest of People-of-England Worship throw away an opportunity of proclaiming that he was officially virtuous, and had never so much as tasted cakes and ale! Let those whose bile is moved by the self-assertion of this sacerdotal journalist merely leave him to his own confessions, and they will soon hear him acknowledging contritely that after all he is a miserable sinner. Before he lays down his pen he tells us that "trade of every kind has a tendency to narrow the mental scope and to warp the judgment." This dictum, odd enough in the mouth of a worshipper of the *nation boutiquière*, falls still more strangely from the organ of the greatest literary joint-stock-company that ever existed.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

A DEBATE on the Navy Estimates is certain to interest, and at the same time to puzzle everybody. It is so easy to say what ought to be done, and so difficult to find out what really is being done, that there is always infinite scope for economists and alarmists to paint the picture according to their various views. To tell the truth, it is very hard to meet with a genuine economist in navy matters. The professional save-alls of the House of Commons feel bound, of course, to make speeches and propose Committees with a view to reduction; but there is no heartiness in their complaints, and no reality in their amendments. Mr. WILLIAMS went the other night through the usual ceremony of contrasting the present period with that wonderful epoch of 1835, when the country contrived to reduce its expenditure by the simple, but really extravagant, process of letting the navy go to ruin for a year or two. But having discharged his conscience, and maintained his consistency, he had done enough; and we will do him the justice to believe that, like every one else, whether in Parliament or out of it, he would be willing to vote any amount that might be necessary to maintain a fleet adequate for its many duties, and, above all, for the protection of our own coasts.

It must really be the simplest thing in the world for a First Lord to settle the Navy Estimates. In other items of expenditure, even to some extent in the army—we have to balance rather nicely the gain of so much efficiency against the sacrifice of so much hard cash. Something short of what might be most desirable may be reasonably put up with if a corresponding relief from taxation can be obtained. But the Navy stands on a different footing. Economy there must be, here as elsewhere, but it is the economy that gets the requisite work well done at the lowest possible cost—not that which saves money by abandoning anything which may be needed to secure absolute efficiency. Any Minister who is able to satisfy the House of Commons that the

vote he asks for is necessary to put the Navy in a perfect state of preparation for every possible contingency, is certain to carry it, whatever the amount may be, and there is therefore no conceivable excuse for the slightest deficiency in the estimates proposed. Nor can any one in official possession of the real facts which, to the outer world, are enveloped in so much mystery, have the least difficulty in saying what is an adequate fleet for England to maintain. The test of efficiency is simply whether we have a navy sufficiently powerful, after providing for all distant services, to make our coasts absolutely unassailable by any enemy, however prompt and unexpected an attack may be. The peace of the world may be as profound as it was just before the late war, but we ought no more to think of reducing our strength below the level of efficiency, than Russia would dream of dismantling Cronstadt, or Austria of pulling down the fortress of Mantua. Our fleet is almost our only fortification, and it must be manned and armed so as always to be ready for any emergency that can arise. A gap in the forces required for the permanent defence of the Channel is not so much to be compared to the mere reduction of an army as to a breach in the walls of a covering fortress.

There is the same economy in paring down the strength of the navy that there would be in allowing a rampart to crumble away, or in selling the guns out of its embrasures. The consequence of this is that there cannot be any such margin between war estimates and peace estimates in the navy as there is in the army. A large proportion of the naval force required for offensive operations during war is necessary to perform garrison duty in peace. To do either effectually, it must be enough to maintain an unvarying superiority over the fleets with which any other Power can threaten our coasts. It is doubtless costly to surround ourselves with such a rampart; but even in a mere money point of view, the saving which we are thus enabled to effect in the land defences of the country must go far to pay for the expense of securing intact the natural advantage of our insular position. But whether first-rates and gun-boats, sailors and marines, are a good investment or not, there are other things besides money to be considered, even in these days, and it is the obvious policy of this country always to maintain the unquestioned command of the seas around our shores.

Not only ought we to have this superiority, but we can, if we please, always maintain it. There is, no doubt, a limit to the expenditure which any country can permanently bear for warlike purposes. After a certain point is reached, the impoverishment produced by too heavy a drain upon the resources of a country becomes a source of weakness which more than counterbalances the gain of additional troops. But a country which keeps up an enormous army cannot possibly compete with us in the creation and maintenance of a navy. Even if we were to be so extravagant in our precautions as to build and commission two ships for every one which any other Power added to its fleet, we should not be the first to succumb to the expense of such a competition. Foreign nations know so well that, with large armies on their hands, they cannot afford to commence a ship-building race with England, that we believe an increase in our efforts to strengthen the navy would rather check than develop the activity in foreign dockyards. The only time when it can be worth while for any Continental State to lavish money without stint in naval preparations, is when England is too sluggish or too parsimonious to devote a proper amount of the means at her command to secure the primary element of her greatness and her safety—the command of the seas. It will no more pay for France, or any other country, to build ship for ship against us, than it would for us to raise regiment for regiment whenever the EMPEROR thought fit to increase his army; and if it be true that the French steam fleet is about equal to our own, we cannot think that our navy is in the condition in which it should be, and in which it might be, at all times, whether of the securest peace or the severest war. We have no fear of being driven into absurdly extravagant expenditure by the rivalry of any other country. The natural laws of the competition are as much on our side in the matter of the navy as they would be against us if it were a question of increasing the strength of our land forces. This is quite well understood abroad, and the development of our navy will neither create umbrage nor provoke a senseless rivalry on the part of Powers who see that we are resolved to keep our natural advantages, and at the same time wise enough to abstain from idle competition in fields which as naturally belong to them.

We must do Sir JOHN PAKINGTON the justice to say that his speech in introducing the estimates tells us more of the real position of the Navy than we have been accustomed to hear on such occasions. He fully recognises the duty of keeping the fleet up to a standard which shall place us beyond the reach of any possible mishap; and he informs us that, if it is not absolutely what it should be at the present moment, a few weeks would suffice to add a Channel Fleet of twenty sail of the line, and that it is in contemplation to organize a squadron of evolution during the summer. This is so far well; but the difficulty which always presses most severely is that of raising men on any sudden demand, without the compulsory process employed in other countries, but which, though sanctioned by law, must be considered obsolete among ourselves. Some steps have been taken of late years in the right direction to provide a constant reserve from which to man the Navy on any emergency. The Coast Guard forms a first reserve of about 7000 trained seamen available at a moment's notice; and behind them is a force of naval volunteers who occupy a position analogous to the militia, and are liable to be called out on any great emergency. At present this force is stated to be not more than 5000 men; but we are glad to observe a disposition on the part of the Government to develop a system which will give us the same resources as if the conscription were our rule, or the press-gang were in full activity. Much remains still to be done to make the most of this naval militia. The prejudice with which the project was at first regarded by seamen seems to be dying out, now that the conditions of service are better understood; and the burden is really so light that there ought to be no difficulty in enrolling as many men as we please in the ranks of the Coast Volunteers. When this safeguard against emergencies has been brought to a thorough state of efficiency, the delay which occurs in recruiting men for actual service will be a less serious matter than at present. It may still occasion inconvenience, as it does now, if a ship hangs on for months after being put in commission before she can complete her crew. But with an efficient force of naval volunteers in reserve, such delays will never breed actual danger. We do not know that any better means could be taken to obtain an adequate supply of men, and we trust that Ministers will feel the responsibility which is laid on them to carry out these arrangements much more completely than has been yet done. The increase of 3000 in the number of seamen voted shows an appreciation of the chief difficulty which the Navy has to contend with, but we hope that the retrenchments which are proposed in the dockyards do not signify any intention of slackening in the construction of a steam navy worthy of the country. While ships of continually-increasing size, power, and speed—each with a more formidable armament than its predecessor—are continually turned out by America and France, we ought not to be, as we generally have been, the last to adopt improvements in the character of our ships. We spent twenty years in building worthless paddle-ships before we would condescend to recognise the existence of the screw propeller, and, but for the example of foreign countries, we might still be without a steamer capable of going into action. There are other novelties not altogether untried, which in the opinion of some naval men are likely for certain purposes to revolutionize the system of naval ship-building. France is pursuing the experiment commenced with the unwieldy batteries that were used against Kinburn, and is endeavouring to build really serviceable shot-proof vessels. While such energy is shown by States whose interest in naval warfare is only secondary to other considerations, it is not a time for England to weaken her establishments, or to sit down content with the ships—magnificent as many of them are—which she has already afloat.

THE SUBJUGATION OF OUDE.

LUCKNOW has been taken, but 70,000 men at large in Rohilcund detract seriously from the value of that which, strategically, seems to have been a very brilliant operation. It now becomes clear that the anomalous character of the contest in Northern India arises from the almost unexampled relation of the contending forces to each other. We see renewed that ancient and almost forgotten state of warfare in which each soldier had a distinct personal interest in the result of battles. The armies of civilized combatants are victorious or unsuccessful, not because the soldiers have an opinion

one way or another, but because the Generals decide by technical canons that the loss or attainment of certain objects has amounted to defeat or victory. But the mutinous rout which defended Lucknow is persuaded that each individual Sepoy is to die as soon as the army of which he forms part is beaten. This conviction, after producing at first a desperate tenacity in resistance, is now driving the mutineers to retreat by 70,000 at a time, before the decision of the last issue leaves them completely at the mercy of their conquerors. They no longer dream of fighting out any conflict of any kind. Their withdrawal from Lucknow was infinitely more like a stampede of frightened buffaloes on the American prairies than any military movement which can have a name given to it. Mad with terror, they are becoming formidable through the mere rush of so mighty a mass. We see no use in concealing from ourselves that the question how they are to be dealt with involves other than military considerations. Now that there does not remain a third city in India which they can occupy, there is but little chance of their being again as nearly surrounded as they were a month ago; and, indeed, the occurrences in the vicinity of Lucknow seem to show that the iron circle can never be so closely drawn as to leave no interstice for the escape of a panic-stricken multitude. Instead, therefore, of waiting till small brigades of European cavalry and guns have reduced the fugitives from thousands to hundreds, it would be better to decide at once what terms are to be dealt out to the men who are flying before our soldiers, whenever they are completely in our power. If they are all to be reserved for the bullet or the gibbet, the operations now proceeding must be continued indefinitely. But if, as is of course probable, the majority of 70,000 men are destined to undergo some punishment more lenient than death, there is a fair chance that this majority, when once persuaded of the intention of the victor, will ultimately compel the whole body of fugitives to give in. It is at all events certain that submission of the ordinary sort ought never to be expected from an army, however dispirited and disorganized, which believes that surrender will be immediately followed by capital execution. Such an army, like a crew of pirates, may of course be driven to a pass where surrender is inevitable; but the attempt to bring about this extremity must not be compared to any known operation of civilized warfare. The conditions are altogether different. The pursuit of an enemy has no analogy to a hunt after condemned criminals.

The capture of Lucknow, though it leaves a large chapter in the rebellion to be still gone through, does certainly appear to have carried with it the subjugation of Oude. All the great feudatories are said to have returned to their allegiance, and the acquiescence of the country, now delivered from the Sepoy army, follows as a matter of course. The population of Oude, which seems to have been in a state rather of stupor than of tranquillity during the brief interval between the annexation and the revolt, for the first time knows itself completely under our sceptre. This is a stage of much importance, not only in the history of the military rebellion, but in that of our Indian Empire. Oude is the only part of the true Brahminical India which was wholly untouched by the influences of English authority and English civilization. Without indulging in any foolish illusions on the subject of our power or popularity, we may fairly assert that there is no other part of the Peninsula in which the character of the people has not been affected, and even materially affected, by the government or suzerainty of the East India Company. Here and there our morality has penetrated, and our knowledge has radiated somewhat more extensively than our moral influence. Everywhere our justice and our prowess are the objects of respect or fear. The improvement, judged by the standards of Western progress, may be insignificant, but when the advance of the last sixty years is compared with the stagnation of the centuries preceding, it will be seen that India under the English has wellnigh undergone a revolution. But from this gradual movement one country has been excepted. Oude, the most sacred land in India, has continued in precisely the state which was the normal condition of the entire Peninsula from the Mahometan conquest to the victories of CLIVE. Above, an imbecile government and a cruel proprietary harried the peasantry with every form of oppression; below, this peasantry consoled itself for its wrongs by the intensest pride in the purity of its caste, in the orthodoxy of its practices, and in the favour bestowed by the gods on the consecrated soil which it tilled. The wanton injustice of the few added strength to the fanaticism and obstinacy of the many; but,

in the rest of India, it is only because the English have rendered the first impossible that they are able to make any impression on the last.

The popular theory that the annexation of Oude helped to produce the Sepoy mutiny has probably no better foundation than the fact that it was the last considerable event which happened before the outbreak. Lord JOHN MANNERS, in the discussion so strangely interpolated into the debate on the first India Bill, seemed to hesitate whether he ought to regard the mutiny as a divine judgment for Lord DALHOUSIE'S sin or to consider it the revenge of the native soldier for an insult to his nationality. There is, however, a sense in which Oude may truly be said to have been the cause of our calamities. By a not ill-intentioned mistake, we made this one country an exception to our mode of exercising authority in India; and then, by a singular fatality, we took nearly the whole of our infantry from the province thus set apart from the rest. We kept alive a little furnace of caste-puritanism and Brahminical superstition, and forged in it three-parts of the Bengal army. The Oude Sepoy grew up absolutely untouched by English influence, and ignorant of English power. He was enlisted too old to appreciate them. The Hindoo's habits of mind are formed—the consequence, as the missionaries tell us, of early marriage—when in intellect he is still a child; and the high-caste recruit from Oude, when he entered our ranks, had his opinions as solidified as an Englishman's at forty or fifty. Men like these, trained to look upon their social status not only as the greatest gift of heaven to them, but as their sole solace amid the wrongs of their oppressors, were hardly fair samples of the high-caste sections of the Indian population. We are not entitled to say that disloyalty would have so deeply tainted levies raised among Brahmins and Rajpoots who, from their birth upwards, had heard of the English as a ruling race, and whose fathers had shared in the material advantages, if not the civilization, which the English have planted in an unkindly, though not quite barren soil. Before we quite exclude the most soldierlike races in India from our muster-rolls on account of their caste, we should inquire whether caste prejudices had not been morbidly and unnaturally stimulated in the land which was the nursery of our troops. The fidelity of the Bombay and Madras armies proves something else besides the advantage of taking a certain portion of the rank and file from among low-caste natives.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

NO one who has followed with any attention the recent discussions on the law of libel will be surprised at the signal and almost ludicrous defeat which Lord CAMPBELL'S Bill encountered last Tuesday in the House of Lords. The absurdities of the measure, so vigorously exposed by the poignant wit of Lord LYNTHURST, were only the natural result of an attempt to satisfy popular clamour by a violation of the simple principles of justice and of law. When the CHIEF JUSTICE of the Queen's Bench undertook the task of defining the cases in which one man may be permitted to do an injury to another with impunity, it was not surprising that the enterprise on which he embarked conducted him to very preposterous conclusions. The moment it is assumed that there are occasions on which it is desirable that libels on individuals should be allowed to circulate without any check on the parties who lend themselves to their promulgation, it becomes necessary to lay down with precision the limits of this anomalous violation of private rights; and then the absurdity of an arbitrary classification shows how untenable is the principle on which it is founded. A definition which includes a vestry meeting in the category of lawful assemblies, and places Convocation and the Royal Society beyond the pale, was demolished with the pleasant rillery in which Lord LYNTHURST is never so happy as when he can bring it to bear on his "noble and "learned friend."

But the miscarriage of Lord CAMPBELL'S Bill did not arise from any mere blundering or awkwardness in the framing of its provisions. The CHIEF JUSTICE is an experienced legislator, and his efforts in the work of law reform deserve the tribute which they received from the mouth of Lord CHELMSFORD. The cause of his recent failure lay in the incurable vice of the thing he attempted, which no comprehensiveness of definition or wording of clauses could have remedied. The reasons for the rejection of the Bill are involved in the simple statement of the object which it

purported to effect. Its condemnation was not that it was clumsily framed for the end which it contemplated, but that it contemplated any such end at all. If the House of Lords was prepared to accept the principle that the speaker of a libel should be alone responsible to the injured person, and that the party who aggravates the mischief by spreading the calumny should be in no degree answerable for the fresh wrong which he has produced, there could be little difficulty in devising an enactment that should give effect to a doctrine in itself sufficiently intelligible. But Lord CAMPBELL, anxious as he was to conciliate the favour of the press by an apparent concession, was tolerably well aware of the dangers and mischiefs which must legally have flowed from a frank avowal of the only principle on which his Bill could be defended. No lawyer could deliberately propose to create a gigantic class of private wrongs which should flourish under the protecting shadow of Parliamentary impunity.

If it were not for certain common-place fallacies connected with the phrase "the Press," even the most shallow and thoughtless persons would hardly have been deluded by the sophisms which have been enlisted in aid of this *Times*-serving project. There is no class of people more universally and justly reprobated and disliked than those who fetch and carry the scandal which they have not even the wit to invent. Bred in low levels of society, like an epidemical malaria, they infect the atmosphere in which they live with their pestilential influence. We never think of alleging, in extenuation of the mischief which such men daily work, that the poison which they spread is not of their own manufacture. A great deal more of the harm that is done by calumny is due to the recklessness of wanton gossip than to deliberate and malicious detraction. Why, then, are we to change our whole standard of morality when we come to deal with a propagation of slander by "the Press," which in the case of an individual we so loudly condemn? How does a man who invests his capital in the proprietorship of a newspaper acquire a title over his neighbours' characters which is conceded to him in no other capacity? This is not the first time that the most respectable titles have been made to cover the most indefensible pretensions. Innumerable crimes have been perpetrated in the name of religion, and countless absurdities have been promulgated on behalf of a free press. But a free press is no more at liberty than a free man to tyrannize over the liberties and rights of others; and it is preposterous that an individual, by simply buying a printing machine, should acquire a right to circulate a slander with his type which he would not be permitted to propagate with his tongue. He may consider himself, if he pleases, a "palladium of freedom," but liberty becomes somewhat one-sided when one class of people claim an indefeasible title to make free with the rights of other classes.

We shall never come to a common-sense view of the subject until it is perfectly understood that the proprietors of newspapers stand in all respects on the same footing of law and justice as other people—that they have no larger rights, and are subject to no less responsibilities, than those who embark in any other kind of enterprise. They occupy themselves in a very honourable and most useful employment, but their profession is not one which ought to emancipate them from that respect for the rights of their neighbours by which all other members of society are bound. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the claim to protection on the ground of the "duty" which is alleged to be cast on the Press to report everything which is spoken on public occasions. The reporting of speeches in newspapers is a very useful thing, as is also the conveyance of passengers on a railroad. But to allege, in the one case, the general utility of the occupation in defence of an injurious slander, would be almost as reasonable as to set up the merits of the railroad system, in the other, as an excuse for a fatal accident due to careless driving. Nothing shows more completely how much the whole question is misunderstood than the importation of the consideration of "malicious intention" into the discussion. It is said that the conductors of a newspaper ought not to be responsible when malice cannot be imputed to their reports. Yet we never heard it proposed that a railroad company should be absolved for its carelessness, unless an intention to kill the victim of an accident could be brought home to the directors. It may be very true that the difficulties and risks to which the occupation of reporting is exposed are great. Some trades are more hazardous than others. It is not easy for a soapboiler to conduct his business in a

manner which shall be inoffensive, or for a gunpowder manufacturer to carry on his works with perfect safety to his neighbours. Yet, though both trades are useful in their way, we never learnt that they are entitled to any special immunity from the general principles of the law which gives a remedy to a person who is injured by the act of another. No Chief Justice that we know of has proposed that a verdict should be returned for the defendant in all cases where it cannot be proved that the foul smell was created or the explosion brought about, by the express malice of the offending party.

It is all very well to say that the community demands to have full and early reports of everything that is said in public. We have no hesitation in answering, that if what is said is libellous and false, the community has no sort of right to demand anything of the sort. We do not admit as an excuse for the calumnious retailer of tittle-tattle, that the society in which he moves insists on a due supply of gossip. The trader who deals in scandal is as properly punished as any other dealer who panders to the vices of the community. There is a great tendency to confound that which is really for the public interest with that which is simply interesting to the public. The public can have no interest in knowing that which is false, and it is only for the propagation of that which is untrue that the press can suffer.

There can be no doubt that the House of Lords came to a wise and just decision in their summary dismissal of a Bill which was not so much faulty in its details as wholly indefensible in its principle. Newspapers, like all other enterprises, must submit to the universal maxim of law which gives every man a remedy for the violation of his private rights against all parties who have concurred in the injury. The enforcement of this responsibility has not been found inconsistent with the large and liberal freedom of the press which we happily enjoy; while the contrast which the general decency of English journalism offers to the press of America, is due, in no small degree, to the maintenance of that principle which Lord CAMPBELL has happily failed to subvert.

HISTORIC DOUBTS AND THE ALLEGED SEPOY ATROCITIES.

AT the present moment a curious instance of Historic Doubts is before us, which, if it is to be considered a typical one, goes far to shake our confidence in all history. It is as to the extent—indeed, as to the existence—of mutilations and violations committed by the Sepoy mutineers. In itself, the question has no special bearing on the native character. The reality of the rumours so long prevalent would be a terrible fact for the relations of the sufferers; but it would be no new or strange thing. War is not war without such horrors. If the Sepoy rebellion has not presented instances of violation of women, it is the only war on record which is so honourably and remarkably distinguished; and the fact that, as far as all evidence goes, not a single case has been proved, leads at least to the conclusion that the Sepoy character has been singularly free from the normal commission of such atrocities. In no other war could there have been any controversy or doubt on the subject. Everybody knows what sort of terrible deeds form the staple of Callot's *Horror of War*. Shakspeare, repeating the old chroniclers, tells us what civil war was in England in the Wars of the Roses. The licence of all armies at captured towns, from Magdeburg to Badajoz, never admitted of a moment's doubt. And in India it was more than probable that the same sort of thing would occur. Everything conspired to make the commission of every conceivable wickedness, especially of this kind, likely—the Oriental character, the sensual and bloody habits of the natives, the defencelessness of the women, and the supposed injuries of a century. What a combination was here of motives for violation and cruelty! Hence it was, that very naturally, and even reasonably, as soon as it was known that scores of our countrywomen and children were in the hands of the mutineers, the conclusion seemed irresistible. Nobody paused to examine the evidence of facts which fell in with every one's preconceptions. Much therefore was written, and more was said, and most was whispered, about the extent and universality of the "Sepoy atrocities." It was a waste of time to look for proof of the sort of thing which books and history had always connected with war. We knew what was done by Parisian mobs and German soldiers—we remembered the license of Wallenstein and Tilly, and of the French Marshals. There were lustful, bloody savages, and there were defenceless women and children in their power. What need of words in such a case? The facts proved themselves.

And so people let their imaginations—and Lord Shaftesbury let his tongue as well as his imagination—have full play. It was deemed a duty to lash up the nation to frenzy. It was—so preached Lord Shaftesbury—a wrong and misfortune not to know the worst, and to let it be everywhere known. It was a point of honour to believe in the wholesale dishonour of our country-

women, and too many of us were almost glad of the Christian excuse for wreaking most unchristian vengeance. Nor did the evil stop in stimulating evil passions. The cry had a political value, and it was urged, as a matter of policy, that we ought to exterminate the rebel forces because they had violated our countrywomen; and the whispered appeal for facts, merely as materials for history, was silenced amidst the howling indignation against the Sepoys, and the denunciation of the Sepoy apologists. We were all on the look-out, not without a pleasing horror, for boatloads of mutilated friends and relations arriving by every mail at Portsmouth.

Mr. G. Campbell, writing under the name of "Judex" in the *Times*, was the first to dispel the tragic illusion. To prove a negative is impossible—till the end of time it can never be demonstrated that women and children have not been dishonoured and mutilated in India. But "Judex" showed that he had made every local inquiry, and could not establish a single case. The heart-rending inscriptions and appeals for mercy inscribed on the slaughter-house of Cawnpore, were found to be forgeries of some sentimental or wicked fool in the relieving force. When the troops entered, not a line was found written on the walls. Sir John Lawrence and Mr. Cecil Beadon, in their despatches to the East India Company, stated, as "an ascertainable fact, that the tales of Sepoy atrocities were groundless." Mr. Mangles, in his place in Parliament, quoted Captain Lowe as his authority for the statement "that he had been unable to discover that there was the slightest foundation for the charges which had been made against the Sepoys in this respect, notwithstanding that a strict investigation had been made on the spot;" and in particular, as regarded "the case of Miss Jennings, whose death was said to have been preceded by the infliction of the most horrible sufferings, it was established beyond all doubt that it had not been attended by any circumstances of aggravation." Lord Shaftesbury, upon being brought to book by Mr. Hargreaves, contented himself with a general reiteration of his entire belief in the atrocities—a belief which he has never attempted to justify, and which stands confronted by the fact that a lady at Edinburgh is ready (so the chief magistrate has reported) to make pecuniary provision for any person mutilated in India and now known to be alive.

Here we think the matter ought to have rested. What Lord Shaftesbury may deem proper to assert on any subject is of no conceivable consequence except to his friends and admirers. And we have on a former occasion alluded to this remarkable nobleman's conduct with respect to these alleged Sepoy atrocities more as an illustration of the idiosyncrasy of a popular religious leader, and as a personal exhibition of character, than with any view as to the actual events of the Indian mutiny. We think it most likely that some such cases have occurred. If they have not occurred, the Indian outbreak is entirely exceptional. That the atrocities were not general—that they were not common—is demonstrated by the most complete moral evidence. We have had at work every test to which any historical event can be subjected. Investigations have been set on foot, on the spot, and by unprejudiced authorities, or rather by those who were ready, perhaps anxious, to accept proof of the alleged fact. But whenever name, and place, and person were given, the alleged fact moved off or melted away. Miss Jennings' case, for example, was distinctly disproved. Are Lord Shaftesbury's alleged proofs in writing? On the other hand, are we to make no account of such names as Cecil Beadon, Lawrence, Lowe, and Mangles, who have looked for evidence, and find none? We have simply Lord Shaftesbury's anonymous correspondent against men with names, and those among the highest in India and England.

But it did not suit sectarian and political rancour to let the matter rest here. The convenient artillery of newspaper correspondents, anonymous and irresponsible, remained, and the way in which it has been worked is worth condensing into a brief and complete view. We make our extracts from the *Times*, which for some mysterious reason is pledged to keep up the fiction of the wholesale Sepoy atrocities, and which, with this object, suppressed the Shaftesbury and Hargreaves correspondence. On the 31st March, appeared in the *Times* a letter from a convenient "Father of one of the Indian Sufferers." What is his statement? That he had just had a letter from a friend, who has an old friend, whose two oldest friends had their noses and ears cut off. Not a single date, or name, or particular of place or sex—only an anonymous writer proving the case through three relays of anonymous friends—his friend, and his friend's friend, and his friend's friend's two friends; and on evidence of this kind we are asked to believe all that has been alleged. The "Father" invited other correspondents, and the initiative was accepted, but with a very instructive result. On April 1, "T.E.H." went into details, and at last produced a case with every circumstance fully detailed. It is quite worth while to examine this history, both as a specimen of facts and as a warning to historians. It is this:—"Mrs. Chambers was torn from her carriage at Meerut, ripped up, and her babe's head was cut off before her dimmed eyes." On 3rd April, a letter was printed in the *Times* from "E. E. C.," who states distinctly that Mrs. Chambers was not "ripped up," but "was shot dead, and did not suffer any pain, torture, or indignity;" and for this fact the evidence of the poor lady's husband, Captain Chambers himself, was produced. On April 5th appeared two letters—one from

T. E. H., who shuffled out of Mrs. Chambers's case by the excuse of "a name having inadvertently slipped into print." If it was not Mrs. Chambers, it must have been Mrs. Somebody else. The writer of the other letter, however, "An Indian Officer," has no scruples; "all that he can say is, no man in India has reason to disbelieve that these mutilations took place." It is enough to remark to the Indian Officer without a name, that such persons as Campbell, Lawrence, Beadon, and Lowe are men in India, and that they have not only no reason to believe, but every reason to disbelieve in these mutilations.

Mrs. Chambers's case—the only case, be it carefully remembered, which had a name—was boldly taken up by Mr. C. Smithers, Mayor of Portsmouth, who declared (*Times*, April 7), that "Mrs. Chambers's son, a lieutenant in the Indian army, had told him the horrible details of his mother's butchery." But this letter was a hoax, for it turned out that Mr. Smithers never wrote it. Yet the forgery had this advantage—that on the 9th of April it brought a letter to the *Times* from E. E., proving not only that Mrs. Chambers, a lady "who had only been married two years," had no "son a lieutenant in the army," but that she never had more than one child, "who died at the early age of seven months," and therefore whose head was not cut off on the 10th of May. T. E. H.'s assertion was thus disposed of. At this point "the Sepoy atrocities" remain a matter not of history, but either of pure fiction, or, at most, of reasonable conjecture. Not a single case has been proved, though the strictest investigation both in India and in England has been set on foot. Miss Jennings and Mrs. Chambers were named. Both fell, it is true, but without the slightest indignity. The East India Company, and the Oriental Steam Company, and the Indian Relief Committee, are sensitively, anxiously, painfully waiting for a case. A single mutilated person would be overwhelmed with the most substantial sympathy—a provision for life awaits one such sufferer. None is forthcoming. Is it in human nature to resist such warm affection? We are not saying that no mutilations or violations have occurred. We believe that they have occurred, that they must have occurred, that it is almost contrary to the world's experience to suppose that they have not occurred. Still it is most remarkable that the only two cases in which name, time, and place were produced have broken down in every particular. "Mrs. Chambers was ripped up alive, and her child's head was cut off before her eyes;" and Miss Jennings suffered the most fearful dishonour. Yet it turns out that Mrs. Chambers was shot dead on the spot, and that her child died in infancy before the mutiny broke out; whilst Miss Jennings was murdered at a single blow. Such are the conflicting facts of contemporary history.

HARD TIMES.

EVER since the days of Solomon, men have asked the reason why the former times were better than these; and we doubt whether now, more than then, they can be said to "inquire wisely concerning this." Every writer, and almost every man, has his own private belief in a golden age, just as most of us remember a time when the summers were hotter and the winters colder than they are now. This belief in its crudest form has, however, been handed over so universally to the limbo of fallacies that it appears in its naked simplicity less frequently than it used to do. Indeed the cant of deterioration has been succeeded by a cant of progress quite as offensive to hear, and on the whole less amiable. Our lamentations over past times have ceased to be general and have become specific. Of course, we are much richer, much wiser, much more active than our ancestors, say the ironical self-depreciators of the present day—we admit all that; but are we so happy, so kindly, so "genial!" A clever writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, feeling probably that the "*nos nequiores*" cry was somewhat threadbare, has worked up this thought into ten or twelve pleasant pages, in which we may all see ourselves pleasantly ridiculed for being so very high and mighty, so fastidious in respect of society, so ceremonious about the education and behaviour of young ladies (as the writer pathetically observes, "there are no girls now"), and generally such a hard, cold, worldly-minded generation. "The hearty, genial, old English life is fast disappearing. We have lost that joyous and familiar intercourse between neighbours' families where heart met heart," &c. Hence come clubs, prudent marriages, a decay of romance, old heads on young shoulders, and everything else that people are proud to admit to be very wise and grand, but too wise and too grand for their taste. Any one who watches the ephemeral literature of the day must be aware that such complaints are very common. One writer makes them the text of a novel—another embodies them in sighs and sneers. When Parliament is not sitting, people write letters to the *Times* founded upon them. Sometimes the correspondent is a lady who calls upon her "sisters" to save the lives of the milliners and the incomes of their own husbands—sometimes a gentleman who calls on his "brothers" to show themselves men and marry on 300*l.* a year. To us it always appears that there is the strongest *a priori* probability that any general praise or blame of the age will be bad on the face of it. A man must be skilful indeed who could hit upon an epithet which would adequately describe the prevailing sentiments of some thirty millions of human beings. When we speak of this or of any other age as being "busy," "enterprising,"

"hard," "scientific," or anything else, we are using language in a very wild manner, and oftener describe our own humours and those of our immediate friends and connexions than anything else.

It is, however, a curious thing to speculate on the amount of truth which may be contained in such broad assertions, and we therefore propose to consider whether the accusations to which we have referred against this generation are anything more than forms of the all but universal illusion which ascribes to some property in the external world the colour of the state of mind in which we view it. Looking at the question simply as a matter of fact, we think there is no evidence of any change in the national taste for social intercourse and enjoyment, though there is considerable evidence of a change in the modes in which such enjoyments are obtained. It is usual, in discussing such questions, to turn to the records of the last generation—to lives, memoirs, collections of letters and novels, and to ask where we shall find such society as Johnson's Club, such careless gaiety as amused Charles Fox, or a country town so sociable, so wise, and so witty as Edinburgh in the days of Scott, Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Wilson. It ought, however, to be remembered that the books from which we draw our information on such matters record only what was striking. Dull, common-place things and people predominate in every generation—they make little impression on those who have them before their eyes, and they are entirely forgotten when they have passed away. It would, however, be a great mistake to infer their non-existence from the fact that they are not mentioned, and it would surely be very cynical to deny that in the present day there are still to be found here and there occasional opportunities of social enjoyment. If it is almost impossible to convict the present generation of hardness and coldness by a comparison with former times, it is still more difficult to do so by direct evidence. No one can do more than state the results of his own observation. Where the critic is known such a process is invidious—where he is not, it is nugatory. If, however, we turn to that indirect evidence which is open to all the world, the conclusion would seem to be the other way. If we are to judge, for example, from popular literature, the fault of the day would seem to be rather an excess than a deficiency of that sort of good-humoured sensibility for which the word "geniality" has been invented. If it is really true that people in this age of the world have forgotten to enjoy themselves and to make holiday, we shall be forced to conclude that the scattered remnant which keeps up the old habit has, with one mind, betaken itself to periodical literature as an occupation. There never was a time when there was so much flowing, gushing, confidential writing as there is now. In one of her most picturesque, though not one of her most amiable novels, Madame Dudevant describes an amiable young gentleman who neglects all his other affairs to write some poems about his heart, which fall flat on his sceptical contemporaries. After a short course of debt, seduction, and desertion, he writes another poem, which, thanks to the author's experience, has a considerable success. The mass of records of experiences, feelings, passions, perils of love, and perils of religion, with which we are overwhelmed, show a considerable tendency on the part of a large and influential class to bring their feelings to market, and certainly do not indicate any diminution in the normal craving of mankind for sympathy. It will, indeed, be an important part of the task of the future historian of English literature in the nineteenth century to trace out the influence on all modern writings, from the highest to the lowest, of that great revolt against the acknowledged rules of composition which marked the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. Almost every form in which men communicate their thoughts to each other is deeply tinged by it, and the circumstances of the age have undoubtedly contributed in a powerful manner to the same result. The extreme cheapness and enormous multiplication of periodicals lead hundreds of people to write who have never stored up the materials for composition or studied its rules; and the consequence is, that the distinction between writing and talking becomes daily less important. There can be no doubt that in many points of view this change is a desirable one. It is an unquestionable truth that much of the old pomp of language which may be found in such a writer as Gibbon was not only wearisome, but injurious to the sense; but it is also clear that our modern style discourages reticence and that self-command which reticence implies. Whether this is very desirable may be doubted, but it certainly makes against the theory that this is a very stiff and formal age.

We do not know how far the habit of praising nature and truth, and of running down conventionality and all the constituted rules and institutions of society, which is all but universal with a large class of writers, is to be taken as evidence of the kindly and sociable character of the times in which we live. People generally write what they think other people will like to read, and we should hardly imagine that a very surly, unsociable person would enjoy the praises of the domestic affections and of family life which form the theme of so many of our novelists. It must, however, be admitted that people often like to read about things which they would not like to do. A sort of factitious atmosphere of freedom and nature may become a want to people who have but little of either, just as a timid person who never stirs from home might care more than his neighbours for histories of adventures. It is so hard to steer one's way amongst the various cants which infest the world that it is extremely diffi-

cult to dr
speaking
Our ow
were, but
of our n
the whole
very muc
riches imp
the street
see that
certain de
most liber
profession
life, a vast
must be s
have much
the consti
strong ev
ration the
world of
dations of
remember
tions, and
rebukes o
age are o
which it a

THER
from
science in
The beau
and the e
at sea an
time. Be
been since
nomenclat
we must
addition
pride that
"hairy ou
about it,
charm of
ing know
and bewi
is the onl
it is astor
between
most pett
beauty is
future wi
pike roac
thus caus
to descen
scene be
hammer,
at our fe
The que
whether
course, s
into scien
true that
habit of
nature?
Two en
attained
has exam
a landsc
true that
knowledge
so great,
no one l
speaking
tion of t
erests an
instances
siderable
unamus
and guer
example
will be a
or moun
of Turn
slovely
us supp
Ruskin's
attempts
into a s
what he
and wat
Let him
follow in
teristic

cult to draw just conclusions from the prevalence of any way of speaking or writing.

Our own opinion is that things are much as they always were, but that, if anything can be affirmed upon the subject of our national power of enjoying ourselves, it is that on the whole it has rather increased. Beyond all question, we are very much richer than our fathers were, and an increase of riches implies an increase of leisure. Any one who walks through the streets of London, and above all through its suburbs, must see that the mass of houses the occupation of which implies a certain degree of ease, is perfectly enormous. After making the most liberal allowance for persons actually engaged in trades, professions, or in other departments of the active business of life, a vast number of occupiers will remain unaccounted for who must be supposed to live on their means. Such persons must have much leisure, and money and time are, generally speaking, the constituent elements of enjoyment. We should want very strong evidence indeed to convince us that in the present generation they have been divorced. Indeed, when we think what a world of amusements, of every sort, are provided for all conditions of men and women all over the country—when we remember all the lectures, and Shakspeare readings, and exhibitions of pictures, all the cheap trains, excursion tickets, Swiss tours, and ascents of Mont Blanc—we cannot help feeling that rebukes of the conventionality, stiffness, and harshness of the age are only an addition to the thousand and one amusements which it so insatiably devours.

SCIENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

THERE is nothing by which we are more widely separated from our fathers than by the modern habit of introducing science into the contemplation and description of the country. The beauties of nature moved the generation that preceded us, and the enjoyment which the men of that day drew from looking at sea and sky was as intense as any that is known in our own time. But nature was not analysed and commented on as it has been since science, becoming popularized, has introduced a new nomenclature and created a new interest of its own. There is, we must all admit, something very piquant and fresh in this addition to our mental treasures. It is not without a legitimate pride that we call a big stone a "boulder," and a caterpillar a "hairy oobit." There is the pleasure of conscious knowledge about it, with the associations of cosmical grandeur, and the charm of a certain precision of thought. For most men of any feeling know what it is to look on a landscape, and to be disheartened and bewildered by the vacancy and blankness of mind which is the only answer of the spectator to the voice of nature. And it is astonishing how soon this vacancy—this sense of a chasm between the heart and the external world—gives place to the most petty thoughts of self; and the greatest perfection of natural beauty is ineffectual to dispel the little plans for our personal future which scarcely deserve a finer theatre than a wet turnpike road, or the grey streets of London. To meet the want thus caused, science is offered as an effectual aid. We are asked to descend from generals to particulars—not to look idly at the scene before us, but to chip off little bits of stone with a hammer, to cut open a dead fish, and count the blades of grass at our feet. So, we are told, shall we realize what nature is. The question, however, will obtrude itself on the patient, whether the prescription is a wholesome one. We are not, of course, speaking of persons who go zealously and thoroughly into scientific study. Science is its own justification. But is it true that a semi-scientific knowledge of classification, a practised habit of minute inspection, leads to a better appreciation of nature? It is a question more easily asked than answered.

Two eminent living writers have shown us exactly what can be attained by this union of science and poetry. Mr. Ruskin has examined most minutely every section of the scenes which a landscape-painter attempts to reproduce on canvas. It is true that he writes primarily on art and for artists, but his knowledge of botany, geology, and other kindred sciences, is so great, and the use he makes of them so frequent, that no one better represents the combination of which we are speaking. His account of the cleavage of rocks, his description of the blocks and masses of hills, his observations on the crests and peaks of high mountains, supply some of the numberless instances which may be found in his works. It requires considerable study to understand what he says, and it is not unamusing for a casual reader to fix on any of his illustrations, and guess whether the letter-press will pronounce it to be an example of excellence or error in drawing. Probably the guess will be as often wrong as right; and a bit of cleavage or foliage, or mountain profile which the guesser backs to be a masterpiece of Turner, will prove to be one of the most execrable and slovenly specimens of Claude's disgraceful ignorance. But let us suppose that a reader has made himself master of Mr. Ruskin's thoughts so far as any one can do who merely attempts to follow them by study, and let him then go into a sufficient variety of landscape, and attempt to apply what he has learnt. Let him count the strata of the clouds, and watch attentively the forms which their masses assume. Let him note the geological structure of the country, and steadily follow inch by inch the profile of the nearest and most characteristic object. We do not venture to predict the result, but we

think it probable that he will find that his occupation is not to him what it seemed it would be while he was reading Mr. Ruskin's pages; and perhaps he will ultimately conclude that the difference lies in this—that in the book he was uniting poetry with science, and that mere observation cannot supply the void to him which the absence of poetical feeling produces. The analysis of nature does not stand alone in Mr. Ruskin. It is coupled with enthusiasm, with sensibility, and with an intimate knowledge of great poets. If a reader takes only one half of the compound away with him, and expects that the study of cleavage, and cirrhi, and compact crystallines will satisfy his mind, he may reckon confidently on being disappointed.

Mr. Kingsley has had almost, if not quite, an equal success in the same line. He is avowedly and defiantly enthusiastic about science in the country. He uses zoology and geology with a lavish hand in his romances, and evidently feels as keenly about them as he writes strongly and warmly. There never was such a blaze of boulders and geological formations of all sorts since geology began, as that given in the poet's moonlight scramble in *Two Years Ago*. And as for beetles, cockroaches, lizards, flies, zoophytes, and all sorts of shell-fish, he regularly writes them up with his enormous command of language, as if they had been injured for countless ages by the neglect of mankind. And what he does he does admirably. His vivid imagination and retentive memory enable him to use his scientific information in a thousand ways, and to bring a gigantic force of indignant laudation of his favourites to beat down the foolish public who do not know what he knows. A man is a lost man to him who does not care much about *Turbinolia Milletiana* and *Zoanthus Couchii*. And when he throws all his eagerness and admiration and real scientific knowledge, for he is quite above charlatanism, into an elaborate description, the result is powerful and fascinating. He does succeed in awakening a sense of the poetry of nature through the agencies he employs. If, for instance, we take the description of the cave in *Two Years Ago*, where Vavasour is found by Thurnall, we cannot fail to recognise that it must have been written by some one who had minutely examined the wonders of the sea-shore, and who possessed, through a true poetical feeling, the power of combining the small points into an imposing and gorgeous whole.

And yet, so far as regards not himself but other people, there is something in Mr. Kingsley's teaching on this head, as perhaps on others, which detracts from its usefulness. It seems to belong too completely not only to the man but to a special part of the man. We are never sure that he is not going to turn round on us, and tell us that if we think this is the direction in which he is specially impressive, we are quite mistaken. This very description of the cave to which we have alluded, and which we, and probably most readers, went through quite innocently, and admired as in Mr. Kingsley's best style, is cut to pieces by Mr. Kingsley himself almost immediately afterwards; and we are told that we ought to have looked at the cave in some other sort of way, more practically or earnestly, or in keeping with some other mood of his mind. The fact is, that Mr. Kingsley can never surmount his very natural wonder at his own existence. "Did you ever," he seems to say, "see anything like this. Here is a parson who can ride, a poet who can clean a village, a man of science, and at the same time a landscape painter, a London lion, and a Chartist—a fly-fishing, horse-loving, pious, practical man." Very lately he has written an account of his way of living in the country. We might have expected a rector to have had something to say about his parish, and a novelist about books. But no—what he represents as his ordinary and most cherished avocation is jumping an old mare in and out of bogs. He is quite above a vulgar vanity, but he is versatile in an extraordinary degree, and he seems never tired of pondering over this versatility, and puzzling his readers by some new proof of it. In spite, therefore, of the reality of his love for science, and of his great power of picturesque description, we do not feel as if his beetles and zoophytes would do for any one but himself. They never seem to enable him to forget that he is thinking of them; and no brilliancy of success can persuade us to go into 'ologies merely that we may see ourselves in a new light. Mr. Kingsley is one of those preachers who awaken an increasing liking and admiration, but not imitation or obedience.

From clever men, of whom we find that they carry much of their own idiosyncrasies into science, we may be glad to turn to an ordinary man, who takes science as prosaically as possible, and has nothing whatever to do with poetry. Exactly what we want is supplied by the Rev. Mr. Wood, who has lately written a book called *The Common Objects of the Country*. He groups together as rapidly as possible a great many facts about the animals of all sorts with which an English county abounds. No one could bring home to us more completely the practical and workday side of semi-scientific studies. His view of a cray-fish, about which Mr. Kingsley would have worked off a most brilliant paragraph, is simply that if you put one into your hat, and then put your hat on your head, the creature will almost tear your hair off. To try the experiment would not be at all a bad way of approaching the study of natural history. People who want to attain knowledge of this kind must go through many things that are practically disagreeable, and their reward is that they get used to them. Mr. Wood, by having long ago made himself perfectly indifferent to the repulsive side of zoology, having had a stickle-back fix its prongs in his throat, and having devoted much of

his time to feeding newts with earthworms, has gained a sincere and hearty love for the business, and has thus been enabled to write an entertaining and original book on his favourite studies. But as for science helping him to realize nature and filling up a poetical void, it is simply quite out of his line. Certainly he sometimes breaks into digressions and reflections, but not of a poetical kind. They either take the shape of small jokes, or of exercises of that perverted ingenuity which loves to hit on unexpected ways of making out creation to be rather better and more wisely designed than at first sight it would seem to be. These capricious extensions of the argument from design are a very favourite pastime with the smaller kind of scientific writers, and are certainly removed as far as possible from anything poetical. Mr. Wood, for instance, tells us that if a blind-worm is cut in half, the tail part will writhe and leap about, while the head part buries itself in the ground; and he then proceeds to suggest that "the object" of this may be that the attention of a hostile spectator may in this way be diverted, and he may suffer the head to escape while his mind is momentarily occupied by watching the contortions of the tail. We hope that this beneficent arrangement is not wholly lost on the creature itself—that it has a dim perception of the final cause of its own tail, and can appreciate the dispensation under which it is so happily cut in two.

There is a point of mental elevation at which the hunting for newts, and the making of ferneries, and the keeping of aquariums, may be a pure and undoubted gain. If the mind is thus saved from mere inertness, or from absorption in mean personal interests, or from an absolute distaste for external nature, it reaps an advantage which cannot be over-estimated. But a mind which is cultivated, susceptible, and active, without possessing any extraordinary force or richness of thought, may receive harm from scientific dabbling. It is very possible, as is seen in a thousand directions nowadays, to get too wholly wrapt up in particulars, and to lose that width of view which comes only to those who seek after what is more general and universal. Men of acute poetical sensibility and of vigorous and impulsive minds, can no doubt be quite certain of always carrying with them the power of a wider grasp, and the faculty of transmuting trivial things into important things, although they occupy themselves with the smallest particulars. But less highly gifted persons must be on their guard against supposing that the semi-scientific study of nature will be an unmixed advantage to them. On the contrary, its tendency requires to be counteracted by very frequent and diligent perusal of great and ennobling writers—of good poetry, that is, in some shape or other, which may give poetical thoughts second-hand to those who have not got them first-hand. It is an excellent thing to observe for ourselves, to be accurate, to be handy, to be habitually exploring the marvels around us; but all this will soon sink into a *dilettante* trifling, unless it is subordinated to the constant apprehension of poetical truth.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE operatic season commenced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday with Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, and was signalized by the introduction to the English public of a new prima donna of no ordinary powers, who promises to be a most important addition to Mr. Lumley's troupe. Madlle. Titiens, the singer alluded to, possesses a soprano voice of the finest order, and of extremely even power throughout its whole compass, which is of unusual extent. The uppermost notes, which are of great beauty, are produced with an absence of effort and painful contortion which it is most agreeable to witness, and which puts the hearer completely at ease. To this is added the greatest volubility in execution, and a perfect accuracy of intonation throughout. The voice of Madlle. Titiens is of full and telling quality, of unimpaired freshness, and free from any unpleasant peculiarity, and above all from the tremulousness, involuntary or affected, so common among singers of the day. It dominates wherever it enters, and by unflinching correctness of intonation gives firmness and precision to the music—a quality which has been pointed out in the voice of Signor Giuglini. We do not know the extreme height which Madlle. Titiens can command, but the high C is produced and sustained with perfect ease, and in certain passages with quite startling effect. With regard to her style, it is at once highly finished and yet natural and noble—the result of a vocal organ of the first power, guided by a fine artistic instinct. Madlle. Titiens is an actress as well as a singer. She is rather tall, and of stately figure, and all her movements and the changes which pass over her countenance seemed dictated by a correct and ready impulse. Her performance in the character of Valentine was one which left no room for mistake. The few notes uttered in the first act were sufficient to give a favourable idea of her voice; but it was in the second act—in the duet with Marcel—that its characteristics were fully developed, when a long sustained C alt, from which the voice descended in a rapid run, like a falling meteor, drew from the audience a sudden burst of applause. In the third act, the great scene between Valentine and Raoul—in which the voice of Madlle. Titiens was fairly matched with that of Signor Giuglini—the effect was remarkably fine; nor did the powers of the lady suffer at all by the comparison, while her superior dramatic energy gave her in some respects the advan-

tage over her companion. If Mr. Lumley was to be congratulated last year upon the discrimination which unearthed Giuglini, and presented that remarkable tenor to the English public, our congratulations are still more due now upon his acquisition of a soprano voice of such eminent qualities as that of Madlle. Titiens, who possesses at the same time the dramatic powers indispensable to the highest operatic success.

Signor Giuglini, who had to contend with the difficulties of a style of music very different from that in which we have been accustomed to hear him, sang admirably in the part of Raoul. In the third act, he exerted himself beyond his wont, inspired no doubt by Madlle. Titiens; but perhaps the effect of his melodious tones was most conspicuous in the concerted piece in the second act, preceding the duel, wherein also the efficient bass of Signor Belletti, as the Conte di San Bris, was an important element, and which was followed by an encore. The part of Urbano, the page, was played by Madame Lucioni Landi, a new addition to the company, who seemed to be suffering considerably from timidity. She has an agreeable contralto voice, of no great power, but with some good notes in the lower part of its compass. Of Signor Violette's Marcello we are unable to speak in high terms, and we advise him to study the notes of his part more accurately. The part of Margarita di Valois is a more arduous one than Madlle. Ortolani has yet attempted, and we can only say that she did her utmost to accomplish the task imposed upon her. As regards the orchestral performances, a word of praise is due to the obligato tenor by which the aria "Piu bianca del velo" is accompanied, and also to another obligato accompaniment upon an instrument of the *Corno Inglese* kind, which we are informed is of novel invention, and of which the tones bear a great resemblance to, and might easily be mistaken for, those of a flute. It may be unfair to criticise too severely the shortcomings of the chorus, in a new opera on the first night of representation. Repetition will no doubt amend some points which were open to remark.

Great credit is due to Mr. Lumley for his exertions in bringing upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre a piece so replete with difficulties, and requiring so many scenic accessories, as the *Huguenots*. The scenery, we need hardly say, is new and carefully adapted to the piece; and much attention has been bestowed upon the costumes, which have been designed from Cinquecento models. The array in the second act, when the Queen, Margarita di Valois, surrounded by her ladies, indulges in the hope of establishing a reign of peace, was particularly brilliant. The last act, which usually suffers much curtailment, was given in its full length. The house was a crowded one both on Tuesday and Thursday night, her Majesty the Queen being present. The National Anthem was sung at the conclusion of the opera on the opening night, in the second verse of which, we may add, Madlle. Titiens acquitted herself remarkably well.

In every respect the season has opened with a spirit which promises well. An opera new to the theatre, brought out with the utmost attention to every detail, and supported by a cast including the *débutante* of the season, is a vigorous commencement for a first night; and this has been followed by an event which lovers of the ballet will regard as equally important—the appearance of the piquante Pocchini. The arrivals announced for the present month and the early part of May will secure ample variety. When Piccolomini, Alboni, and Spezia come to reinforce Titiens and Ortolani, there will be no lack of means to gratify every taste.

REVIEWS.

DUGALD STEWART.*

THE men may almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand who can fairly be said to have been originators in philosophical speculation. Dugald Stewart was not one of them. But the secondary or even tertiary order of men do good service to the world. The original conceptions of the higher intellects would be useless to the generality of mankind, unless they were sufficiently diluted to be acceptable to the common taste; and those who are incapable of originating can criticise, modify, guard against undue inferences. While fighting with some shadow or some man of straw, critics often advance the views which they seem to controvert—while denouncing a heresy, they recommend with just limitations and amendments the very doctrines which they set themselves to oppose. Dugald Stewart was not one of the few who are justly entitled to the appellation of an original philosopher. Yet he was very useful in his generation. He assisted to a very considerable extent in popularizing abstract speculation in this country, and in showing that it did not necessarily imply an extreme scepticism. There may have been, and may be, a considerable misunderstanding as to what is meant by the sceptical philosophy of Hume. Hume was a sceptic in two senses. He was a sceptic

* *The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S., &c.* Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Advocate, A.M. (Oxon), &c. &c. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Constable. 1858.

Biographical Memoirs of Adam Smith, LL.D.; William Robertson, D.D.; Thomas Reid, D.D. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. To which is prefixed a Memoir of Dugald Stewart, with Selections from his Correspondence, by John Veitch, M.A.

in philosophy, maintaining that the subjective basis of all human knowledge is hypothetical—he was also a sceptic as to Revelation, which is quite a different thing. In the polemic against Hume as a sceptic in the matter of Revelation and an impugner of the miraculous origin of Christianity, Dugald Stewart did not engage. And it may well be doubted whether, as to Hume's other scepticisms, Reid and Stewart did more, in their opposition to the ideal philosophy, than substitute one hypothesis or theory of human knowledge for another. The theory of immediate perception is not more capable of demonstration than the theory of ideas, although it may possibly not be open to some of the objections which lie against the latter. But neither did Hume's scepticism go so far—as a consequence of the ideal theory—as to teach men a disbelief in their own existence; only he perceived a difficulty in its proof. If in its turn the doctrine of immediate perception is only an hypothesis, this difficulty is not surmounted. But the services rendered by Stewart were very great, though indirect. He induced many to think that the way of speculation might, after all, be a safe way—that it did not necessarily lead to a denial of God and of the distinction between right and wrong. To illustrate this distinction as rooted in man's nature, and to enforce the doctrines of Natural Religion, was indeed the great aim of his professorial teaching. And it will be seen from a slight sketch of his life how it came to receive that particular bent.

Dugald Stewart was the son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. He was born, November 22, 1753, in the old College buildings, since pulled down to make way for the present structure. He was by constitution feeble. His youth was passed, partly in the professorial chambers in College, partly on a small property of his father's, in Ayrshire. He entered the High School at Edinburgh, in 1761, and the Rector's class in 1764. The rector at that time was Alexander Matheson; but Dr. Alexander Adam, a better known name, was then acting as substitute, and afterwards succeeded to the rectorship. Under his teaching Stewart acquired a considerable liking for the classics, and the elegance of his style, harmony of his diction, and general refinement of his taste, were very much owing to those early studies. His university course at Edinburgh was comprised between the years 1765—1769. John Stevenson was then Professor of Logic and Metaphysics—a Lockian of no great originality, but candid and truthful. Adam Ferguson was Professor of Moral Philosophy. Greater influence, however, was exercised upon Stewart during a short period that he was at Glasgow. Reid had succeeded Adam Smith as Professor of Moral Philosophy, in 1764. Stewart studied there for one session in 1771, having gone thither with some view of proceeding thence to Oxford, and entering holy orders in the Church of England. But he was suddenly summoned by his father, whose health was failing, to act as his substitute in conducting the mathematical classes at Edinburgh. Henceforward, his labours were great. In 1775, he was elected conjoint professor with his father, and in 1778—9, he gave an original course of lectures on Morals for Professor Ferguson, during his absence on a political mission to America. In 1783, he visited Paris, and married, in the same year, Helen, daughter of Mr. Neil Bannatyne, of Glasgow. She died in 1787, leaving one son, afterwards Colonel Matthew Stewart. A melancholy regret attaches itself to this gentleman's name. He had the highest reverence for his father's memory, and had made ample collections for a history of his life. These, in an access of delirium, brought on by the climate of India, he destroyed. Owing to this unhappy circumstance, the materials for a biography of Stewart are extremely scanty, and there are scarcely any remains of his original correspondence.

On the resignation of Ferguson, in 1785, Stewart succeeded to the Chair of Moral Philosophy, and retained it for nearly twenty-five years. From the first he adopted Ferguson's practice of not writing out his lectures *in extenso*, but of speaking from notes. This method was well suited to Stewart's peculiar talent, and his popularity and influence with his class never declined, even to the last. But the influence which he exercised was not confined to the lecture-room. At a time when the Continent was closed by the French Revolution and the wars consequent upon it, many young men of promise and position in England resorted to Edinburgh to pursue studies which could, however, have been pursued, in the case of most of them, if they had been so minded, nearer home. Stewart received in his house many of these young men, who afterwards became distinguished in public life; and among them may be mentioned the late Prime Minister. And this particular fact serves to explain a statement which sounded somewhat invidiously when made by Lord Palmerston, in one of the debates upon the Cambridge University Reform Bill—namely, that he had imbibed more knowledge in one session at Edinburgh than during three years that he had been at Cambridge. All the circumstances of the case were not developed in that statement. Stewart's house was the centre of a most improving society; and the willing surrender of himself, under the teaching and influence of such a man as Stewart, to studies which he preferred, may well have produced more results in a short period than a whole undergraduate life of the sort too usual in those days at Cambridge.

Stewart himself visited France, as has been said, in 1783, and again in the summers of 1788 and 1789; and he also accompanied Lord Lauderdale on his mission to Paris in 1806. Like most other men of moderate views, he took a hopeful view of the movements which preceded the outbreak of the Revolution itself.

During his visits to the Continent he kept journals, and it is much to be lamented that, from the misfortune above mentioned, the records of such an observer should have perished. He formed acquaintances, more or less intimate, with a number of persons distinguished in the literary and political circles of Paris. Among these were M. Suard, Academician, and afterwards editor of the *Publiciste* during the Empire, a man of honour, moderation, and worth—the Abbé Morellet, especially esteemed by Stewart—M. Prévost, of Geneva—and the Baron Degerando, author of the *Histoire des Systèmes de la Philosophie*.

In the year 1790, Stewart married, for his second wife, Miss Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun, a granddaughter of the fifth Lord Cranstoun. By this marriage he had two children—a son, who died in his youth, and a daughter who survived both parents, and died in 1846. This marriage to a person of great personal attractions and social influence tended to make Stewart's house the centre of the best society in Edinburgh, and fitted it especially to become the resort of young men intended for public life.

If Stewart's intellect had been of the purely speculative order, it would have been less suited than it was to exercise a most beneficial influence, at a particular period, upon the rising men of that day. "His aim and influence as a teacher of philosophy was less purely speculative than moral and practical." "His great aim was that of finding results bearing on the work and adornment of human life." He was not a discoverer, but a communicator and teacher; the doctrines which he adopted were recommended by a copious and highly illustrative diction; and he exhibited in his own person that balance of the human powers and faculties, which he often dwelt upon in his lectures as the only sure guarantee of public and private happiness.

It has been said that Stewart did not engage in questions concerning Revealed Religion; but he bestowed a large space upon what is called Natural Religion. He had seen the practical results of a positive atheism, and he was well aware that in endeavouring to convince men in matters of religion, as well as in any other, it is essential to argue from principles which they will admit, that all demonstration is *ex concessis*. In his preface to the *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers*, he says—

Before proceeding to my proper subject, I may be permitted to say something in explanation of the large, and perhaps disproportionate space which I have allotted in these volumes to the Doctrines of Natural Religion. To account for this I have to observe, that this part of my work contains the substance of lectures given in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1794-95, and for almost twenty years afterwards, and that my hearers comprised many individuals, not only from England and the United States of America, but not a few from France, Switzerland, the north of Germany, and other parts of Europe. To those who reflect on the state of the world at that period, and who consider the miscellaneous circumstances and characters of my audience, any further explanation on this head is I trust unnecessary.

The danger with which I conceived the youth of this country to be threatened by that inundation of sceptical or rather atheistical publications which were then imported from the Continent, was immensely increased by the enthusiasm which, at the dawn of the French Revolution, was naturally excited in young and generous minds. A supposed connexion between an enlightened zeal for political liberty and the reckless boldness of the unpromising freethinker, operated powerfully with the vain and the ignorant in favour of the publications alluded to.

In 1792 Stewart published the first volume of his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*. It consists chiefly of an analysis of the internal or mental constitution of man. It was dedicated to Dr. Reid, to whom Stewart was not only largely indebted, as a disciple to his master, but also warmly attached. This work attracted more attention abroad than it did in England. Stewart was not a metaphysician, but a psychological observer. His purpose was to collect both the phenomena presented by his own mental being and those which are thrown up by other men, and the action of society. He was especially of opinion that, in psychological investigation, the impossibility of making experiments, properly so called, upon the inquirer's own mind, is amply compensated to him by the multiplicity of observations which he may gather from the phenomena of moral and intellectual life around him.

In 1793, he read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh his *Account of the Life and Writings of Adam Smith*. His adoption generally of the doctrines of Smith, and his admiration of the French Economists, coupled with his known inclination to liberal opinions in politics, exposed him to much misrepresentation, as though he had been favourable to the wildest political experiments. He exonerated himself, about this time, from these imputations in a letter to Lord Craig, Feb. 20, 1794:—

I have expressed myself strongly on the merits of the first French Economists, most of whom are long since dead, and whose speculations certainly had no more connexion with forms of Government, than those in Mr. Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; but as to the French philosophers in general, and the tendency of their sceptical doctrines to corrupt the morals and to poison the happiness of mankind, your Lordship will do me the justice to acknowledge that I opposed them with zeal, at a time when the profession of scepticism was not quite so unfashionable as it is at present. Whoever may be called upon to retract their former admiration of these principles (which have indeed led to a great mischief) I certainly am not among the number.

Some excellent observations on the extent to which the French Economists were anticipated by earlier British writers, and on the distinction to be kept in view between their political and economical doctrines, are to be found in Note I. to the Life of Smith at page 88 of this volume. In 1796 he published his *Account of the Life and Writings of Robertson*, and his *Account of the Life and Writings of Reid*. These, together with the Memoir of Smith, are included in the present volume of his collected works. In 1806 the Whigs acceded to office, and indicated their sense

of Mr. Stewart's public services in the cause of philosophy and education, as well as his services to some of their own connexions, by appointing him to a sinecure office—the writership of the *Edinburgh Gazette*. It was worth 300*l.* a year, and was not only enjoyed by the Professor during his life, but continued to his family for some years after his death. If a thing equally gross could not easily be done for a favourite Professor by a political party in the present day, we must not judge Stewart harshly for allowing himself to be the recipient of such an appointment at a time when public opinion was not brought to bear on the distribution of patronage so effectually as it is in our own day.

Stewart's health received a great shock from the death of his son George, in 1809, a youth of great promise, to whom he was fondly attached; and in 1810, he withdrew from active professorial duty, Dr. Brown being appointed conjoint Professor with him, and occupying the chair. This he did until his death in 1820. It then became necessary to find a successor for Stewart. Two very distinguished men were competitors for the chair, John Wilson and Sir William Hamilton. It was conferred on the candidate least qualified for that particular post, by a majority in the Town Council of 21 to 9, notwithstanding Stewart's strong recommendation in favour of Sir William.

From the year 1809 to the close of his life, Stewart was occupied in arranging and publishing the various works for which he had for many years been accumulating the material. The late Duke of Hamilton handsomely placed at his service the retirement of Kinneil House, in Linlithgowshire, a residence of considerable local beauty. Hence were dated, in 1810 the *Philosophical Essays*—in 1813 (but only published in 1814) the second volume of the *Elements*—in 1815, the first, and in 1821, the second part of the *Dissertation*—in 1826 (but only published in 1827) the third volume of the *Elements*—and in 1828, a few weeks before his death, the *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers*. In January, 1828, Stewart was struck with paralysis, but though some of his bodily powers were impaired, and his constitution broken, he recovered sufficiently to resume his studies, making use, however, of his wife or daughter as amanuensis. He died in Edinburgh, after a further short illness, June 11, 1828, and was buried in a family vault "on the west side of the churchyard of Canongate, not far from the grave of Adam Smith."

Mr. Stewart's personal appearance and manner is thus described by Lord Cockburn in his *Memorials*, quoted in this present Memoir, p. xxxix., note:—

Stewart was about the middle size, weakly limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bold, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes grey and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humour, in which they were powerfully aided by his lips, which, though rather large perhaps, were flexible and expressive. The voice was singularly pleasing, and as he managed it, a slight burr only made its tones softer. His ear, both for music and for speech, was exquisite; and he was the finest reader I have ever heard. His gesture was simple and elegant, though not free from a tinge of professorial formality, and his whole manner that of an academical gentleman. . . . He lectured standing, from notes, which with their successive additions, must as I suppose, at last have been nearly as full as his spoken words. His lecturing manner was professorial, but gentlemanlike; calm and expository, but rising into greatness or softening into tenderness whenever his subject required it.

As a pendant to this description of his aspect in public may be given a portraiture of him as he appeared in private life, from the pen of his son:—

In general company his manner bordered on reserve; but it was the comitate condita gravitas, and belonged more to the general weight and authority of his character than to any reluctance to take his share in the cheerful intercourse of social life. He was ever ready to acknowledge with a smile the happy sallies of wit, and no man had a keener sense of the ludicrous, or laughed more heartily at genuine humour. His deportment and expression were easy and unembarrassed, dignified, elegant, and graceful. His politeness was equally free from all affectation and from all premeditation. It was the spontaneous result of the purity of his own taste, and of a heart warm with all the benevolent affections, and was characterized by a truth and readiness of tact that accommodated his conduct with undeviating propriety to the circumstances of the present moment, and to the relative situation of those to whom he addressed himself. From an early period of life he had frequented the best society both in France and in this country, and he had in a peculiar degree the air of good company. In the society of ladies he appeared to great advantage, and to women of cultivated understanding his conversation was particularly acceptable and pleasing. . . . In his domestic circle his character appeared in its most amiable light, and by his family he was beloved and venerated almost to adoration. So uniform and sustained was the tone of his manners, and so completely was it the result of the habitual influence of the natural elegance and elevation of his mind on his external demeanour, that when alone with his wife and children it hardly differed by a shade from that which he maintained in the company of strangers; for although his fondness and familiarity and playfulness were alike engaging and unrestrained, he never lost anything either of his grace or his dignity: "Nec vero ille in luce modo, atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique præstantior."—*Memoir*, p. lx.

It is not without interest to notice a peculiarity which belonged to Dugald Stewart, as well as to others of his family—an insensibility to the less refrangible colours of the spectrum. He was unable to distinguish the colour of the ripe fruit of the Siberian crab from that of the leaves of the tree, and, in like manner, the colours of the flowers and leaves of the scarlet geranium. With reference both to the intrinsic and relative value of Stewart's political teaching, it is well observed by the author of this Memoir:—

At the time when he began to give his separate course of Political Economy, the science had hardly assumed shape and definiteness in the general mind

of the country; there was no adequate appreciation on the part even of the cultivated portion of the nation, either of its proper sphere or of the importance of a scientific discussion of its topics. The doctrines of Adam Smith, though fructifying in some of the more reflective and advanced minds of the time, had made little way either with statesmen or people. Fox, as is well known, spoke slightly of the *Wealth of Nations*. It was necessary, in fact, to vindicate a place for Political Economy, to reiterate, enforce, and carry out, in detailed application to the existing circumstances of society, the doctrines of Smith, in order to obtain a general consideration for the science, and acceptance of those doctrines. This was the chief work to which Mr. Stewart set himself in his course of Political Economy; and he certainly lent powerful aid, both by his general political speculations, and his teaching in Political Economy proper, in promoting the spread of liberal views on those subjects in Britain. (p. li.)

It is true that in his doctrines of Political Economy Stewart showed little advance upon Adam Smith, as in philosophy and psychology he penetrated no further than Reid. He popularized and recommended doctrines which he had made his own, and which he had worked into a coherent system of psychology, morals, and politics.

The volume from which the above particulars of Stewart have been culled forms the tenth of his collected works. The editorship of these had been committed, by the trustees of his daughter, to Sir William Hamilton. He had completed the publication of nine volumes of the works, and had revised for the press the three memoirs of Smith, Robertson, and Reid, which are presented in this tenth volume. The Memoir which now accompanies these essays is due to Mr. Veitch, who is associated with the Rev. H. L. Mansel, a distinguished metaphysician at Oxford, in preparing the forthcoming edition of Sir William Hamilton's works. Of this particular volume it must be said that it presents a somewhat patchwork character. Besides the three essays of Stewart's, there is something of a biographical notice, something of a sketch of the Scotch philosophy, and some meagre extracts from his correspondence. There is a little notice of his recollections of Burns, a letter or two from Paris, a letter containing his impression of Sheridan, which was not favourable, and a letter or two addressed to him respecting a curious case of double-consciousness. The whole work of which this forms the close, except a merely supplemental volume of translations, and an Index, still to come, is a worthy memorial of an eminent man. But the truths for which Smith, Reid, and Stewart had to do battle are now an acknowledged common inheritance; and political and psychological facts, which fifty years ago required to be illustrated with many words, may now be enunciated more precisely in a few. The monument, therefore, which has thus been worthily raised, must be said to be rather an honour to the dead than of any particular service to the living.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT POTTERY.*

AN inquiry into the old pots and pans of a nation may appear at first sight a waste of time. But a slight glance at the present work will suffice to refute any such notion; and the following remarks, with which Mr. Birch concludes his labours, will convince any one of the vast importance of this apparently trivial subject:—

The advance and progress of certain races, as relates to themselves, or as compared with others, are to be seen in their monumental remains. For the history of these races which have left no written records, no inscribed memorials, the pottery is an invaluable guide. It may be compared with those fossil remains by which man attempts to measure the chronology of the earth; for the pottery of each race bears with it internal evidence of the stratum of human existence to which it belongs. . . . A due knowledge of the art of pottery amongst the ancients is essential to a perfect knowledge of the relative antiquity of races and sites. The use of letters is comparatively recent—the glyptic and graphic arts only exist in their later forms as exercised on unperishable materials—but in every quarter of the world fertile fragments of the earliest efforts lie beneath the soil, fragile but enduring remains of the time when the world was in its youth.

Acting up to the spirit of this passage, Mr. Birch has endeavoured, and successfully, to show, by a minute investigation into the existing remains of the fictile art of Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome, and of the Celtic and Teutonic nations, their bearings upon the history, political, civil, and social, of those countries. To say that he has thus compiled an amusing, or even a readable book, would be a mistake. From the nature of the subject, and the necessity of compression, it is in a great measure a *Catalogue Raisonné*; but it has a higher claim to admiration and respect—it is a work marked by scholarlike ability, full of deep research, and carried out in a faithful and unwearied spirit. To the mere dabbler in antiquities it may present a repulsive aspect, for it is dry as the earth it treats of; but the real archaeologist will hail it as an important aid to the true appreciation of ancient art. Other works, such as that of M. Brougniart, have gone fully into the technical part of the subject, and scholars have largely used the ornamentation and inscriptions of vases to illustrate ancient literature; but a work which should embody the general history of the art, and give a continuous and collected account of its rise and progress, was yet a desideratum. This has been fully and ably done in the treatise before us; and as a proof that the author has entered tolerably exhaustively into the subject, these two large volumes are but part of a series on the history of the pottery of all nations, and only bring us down to the decay of the Roman Empire.

Starting with Egypt, which supplies us with specimens of the

* *History of Ancient Pottery*. By Samuel Birch, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1858.

oldest fictile products extant, we find the invention attributed to Num, the directing spirit of the universe who moulded the human race on his wheel. The Egyptians made the most extensive use of baked clay. Sun-dried bricks formed the pyramids, and from the hieroglyphics stamped upon them the names and identity of many Egyptian monarchs have been determined. Baked clay was used for coffins and for sepulchral and all kinds of domestic vases (among others "the flesh-pots of Egypt"), and the Egyptian designs have evidently furnished the idea on which the Greeks modelled their beautiful forms. The Egyptians would probably have equalled their later imitators in beauty of outline had not the abundance of the precious metals among them, and their high civilization, directed their attention to working in metal rather than in clay, and thus led them to use terra-cotta for domestic more than for decorative purposes. They were, however, acquainted with the method of manufacturing a glazed ware, resembling porcelain, or the fayence of the middle ages, which was highly prized, and exported into Greece and Italy. Their early statues were made of it, as may be seen in the British Museum, and it was used in all cases where beauty of decoration was required, if the object were not exposed to moisture. Many cups &c. have been found inscribed with the names of Royal personages—one being the *mug* of a son of Rameses II.; as well as draughtsmen, children's toys, beads, amulets, and rings. From the inscriptions on many of these are derived the names and titles of Egyptian kings, and hence they are most valuable for the illustrations they afford of the history of the country.

The Assyrian and Babylonian pottery resembled that of Egypt in shape and use, but was finer in paste and brighter in colour. These people used both sun-dried and kiln-baked bricks for building; and through the researches of Sir H. Rawlinson, Mr. Layard, and M. Botta, the inscriptions on them have been deciphered, recording not only the name of the reigning King, but sometimes his genealogy, and the name of the place where the building stood. Thus the inscription on the bricks at the oldest palace at Nimrud reads:—"This is the palace of Asaradenpal, the supreme ruler, king of Assyria; son of Abedbar, king of Assyria; son of Pul, powerful king of Assyria." But the Assyrians and Babylonians employed pottery in a way peculiar to themselves. Bulletins recording the King's victories, and even the annals of his reign, were published on terra-cotta cylinders. There are cylinders of Tiglath-Pileser, of Sargon, of Sennacherib, and of Esarhaddon; and their connexion with Scripture history must make their contents most important and valuable. Sales of land and title-deeds were also inscribed on this polished terra-cotta, as well as receipts, astronomical calculations, and inventories; and a large chamber (or library) containing histories, deeds, almanacks, and spelling-books, was found by Mr. Layard in the palace of Sennacherib at Koyunjik. Some of the Babylonian cylinders discovered record the dedication of the temples of Babylonia by Nebuchadnezzar, the clearing of the canal which supplied the cisterns of Babylon, the building of the Temple of the Sun at Larrak by Nebuchadnezzar, &c.

Sir H. Rawlinson discovered a remarkable adaptation of coloured bricks by the Babylonians in examining the ruins of the supposed temple of Belus at the Birs Nimrud. From the remains of three cylinders, he ascertained that it was dedicated by Nebuchadnezzar to the seven planets, and he has proved that it was a step-shaped pyramid—each step formed of bricks of a different colour, and appropriate to one of the planets to which the building was consecrated. Nebuchadnezzar seems to have been a most extensive builder, for all the bricks examined by Sir H. Rawlinson of more than one hundred towns, in an area of one hundred miles in length and thirty in breadth, bear his name. Brickmaking was of the highest antiquity in Babylon, for we read in Genesis xi. 3, that the Tower of Babel was built of burnt bricks, and that these were cemented with "slime" (or bitumen), "which was," says Moses, "to them for mortar;" and this exactly coincides with the manner in which the foundations of the buildings, both in Assyria and Babylonia, are constructed. Bas-reliefs, were glazed and unglazed, and coffins (shaped like a slipper) were also made of terra-cotta. So many thousands of these coffins were found at Warka (the ancient Ur of the Chaldees), that it seemed as if all Babylonia, in its later days at least, had been buried there. There appears no doubt, too, that the statues of the Babylonian gods were made of terra-cotta, and that such was that seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his dream, which was composed of clay and metals, and that of Bel, which was of clay plated with brass.

No remains of earthen vessels used by the Jews, or even of bricks, are known—the pottery found at Jerusalem being principally Roman. The notices of the potter's art in the Bible are comparatively few, and though the manufacture of bricks is mentioned, it is generally with reference to other nations. Probably the traditional remembrance of their sufferings in Egypt would give them a distaste for the process, and they would thus import rather than manufacture. No decided specimens of Phœnician pottery are extant, though according to the legend of Sanchothiath, they claimed the invention of brick-making, or rather—

Their own story was that Hysuranius invented in Tyre, the making of lute with reeds, rushes, and the papyrus. After the generation of Hysuranius were Agrius (the hunter) and Hallieus (the fisher), the inventors of the arts of hunting and fishing. These were followed by two brothers, one of whom, Chrysor or Hephestus, was the first who sailed in boats, whilst his

brother invented the way of making walls with bricks. From this generation were born two youths—one called Technites (the workman), and the other Autochthon (earth-born), who invented the method of making bricks with loam and straw, and drying them in the sun. They also invented tiling—all moral fables recording the progress of civilization. It is much to be regretted that travellers, who have often remarked the fragments of pottery which exist in the ruins of the now desolate cities of Phœnicia, have not thought of depositing some of them in the European museums where they might have been scientifically examined.

Of all the nations of antiquity, the Greeks most excelled in the fictile art; and so Mr. Birch devotes the greater part of his work to a minute inquiry into their mode of manufacture, and the different varieties, inscriptions, ornamentation, uses, &c. of the products. Their influence on modern art is, as we all know, very great, and to them we owe the finest forms and most elegant decorations of our modern pottery and porcelain. Bricks, as was natural in a country well supplied with stone, they troubled themselves little about; but terra-cotta was employed for the most important as well as the most trivial uses, from statues of gods and architectural ornaments, to studs for the dress and tickets for the theatre. Models were made of it from the finest statues, which were thus multiplied just as our plaster casts are. There were competitive exhibitions of clay figures and other works of art, which helped to keep up their excellence; and the method of colouring them was extensively practised by artists who were solely employed in painting statues, bas-reliefs, and other architectural accessories. "There is nothing new under the sun," not even *marionettes*; for several dolls of terra-cotta, with limbs formed of separate pieces pierced with a hole, so that they might be pulled with a string, have been found in the sepulchres of Athens. Such images as these are evidently referred to by Xenophon in his *Symposium*, iv. § 55, where he introduces Socrates conversing with a puppet-showman. The largest vessels of clay formed by the Greeks were the *πίθοι*, or casks, one of which (and not a *tub*) was used by Diogenes for a residence when he begged Alexander to stand out of the sunshine. They were too big to be formed on a wheel, and so required great skill in making. Hence the Greek proverb characterized an ambitious but inexperienced man as "one who began with a cask." The principal terra-cotta vase, however, was the amphora, which was used for all sorts of domestic and commercial purposes. It is distinguished by its long egg-shaped body, pointed base, and cylindrical neck, from which two handles descend to the shoulder. These handles were stamped with various impressions, the object of which is still involved in obscurity. Flower-pots of earthenware were used, especially in the festival of the Gardens of Adonis, in which flowers were suddenly elevated in earthen pots, and then cast into the sea, apparently as a type of the premature death of Adonis; and they were probably also employed for general horticultural purposes.

The most beautiful of these works of ancient art were glazed vases painted with various colours, of which the number already collected amounts to 1500, the places where they have been discovered being chiefly tombs. The detail of these discoveries is very interesting and novel, former works having entered into the artistic more than the archaeological question. The account of imitations and frauds also is curious, and may serve to put collectors on their guard against imposition. The earliest mention of these vases is by Pindar (*Nemæa*, x. 61-68), and Aristophanes refers (in *Eccles.* v. 994) to those used in the Athenian graves. From the allusion to riveting by various authors (as Juvenal, *Sat.* xiv. 308), we may conclude that great value was set upon them. The age of the earliest is perhaps the ninth or tenth century B.C.—the climax B.C. 400-300—the decay may date from the use of metal after the conquest of Asia by Alexander the Great—and they probably fell into disuse about the first century B.C. In the time of Augustus they were rarities. The Duc de Luynes' classification seems the most simple and probable:—

1. The Doric or Phœnician vases; 2. Those, the body of which is covered with an engobe or coating like the first class, the black of which is false, the glaze pale; 3. Those with archaic black figures, the style of which is distinguished by a massive simplicity, the muscular development exaggerated, the touch firm, the drawing varying from the simple to the ridiculous, and vigorous to caricature; 4. Imitations of the archaic, the varnish of which is more brilliant than the preceding, the outlines more careful, and the extremities better finished; 5. Those with red figures, or with black outlines and figures on a white ground, comprising a series of ware extending from the age of Pericles to that of Pyrrhus, about which latter period the vases were ornamented with reliefs, gilding, reeding, and twisted handles; 6. Barbaric imitations by the natives of Lucania, Messapia, and the Brutii, the figures of which are often of a bizarre character, and the vase itself surcharged with ornaments.

The earliest painted ware was discovered in Tantalus, in the tombs of Agamemnon at Mycenæ and of Achilles in the Troad, and at Athens, Delphi, Rhodes, Melos, and Thera. It is composed of a fine light red paste, covered with a thin siliceous glaze, and has ornaments painted on it in red, brown, or dark black lines (which have been burnt in) resembling the decorations of the early Greek architecture. The next style, which Mr. Birch calls Archaic Greek, resembles the Peruvian ware in decoration, and is ornamented with friezes and animals; the later examples with figures. The most celebrated of these is the Dodwell vase (now at Munich), which was found in a tomb near Corinth—it is supposed to date about B.C. 580. We then pass through the Transition style, the Old style, and what Mr. Birch names the Affected old style, to the Strong style, in which we have red figures for black, with a finer anatomical detail, and more refined

grace and freedom of drawing. A more perfect development of this, and the highest point to which the art attained, is called the Fine style. The figures are easier and better proportioned, the face more natural and the drapery freer. This merged into the Florid style, in which the finish is more minute and the attitudes graceful and full of refinement and voluptuousness amounting to affectation. The forms are rounded and the drapery rich and embroidered. Largo arabesques are used, and an attempt at perspective introduced. Gold, also, and polychrome are applied to the more important parts. The transition to the Decadence is rapid. The colour of the vase becomes a paler red, the glaze of a dull leaden colour, the ornaments numerous and large in proportion to the subjects, the figures obese and effeminate, and the costume most florid. Bacchanalian subjects, too, are very frequent. The last style is distinguished by a black ground with white or polychrome figures, the drawing in bad taste and the colour coarsely laid on.

FLOTO'S HISTORY OF THE EMPEROR HENRY IV.*

THERE are few finer subjects in history than the age of Henry IV. of Germany. It was a time of conflict between great principles—it abounds in remarkable persons, and in stirring and memorable events. On one side, the central figure is Hildebrand, whether directing the policy of earlier Popes, or himself filling the apostolic chair, or speaking after death through successors who had been trained in his system, and had inherited the task of maintaining it. On the other side, it is Henry, left in early childhood as sovereign of the greatest dominion in Christendom, and for fifty years engaged in unceasing struggles with the factions of Germany, and with the might of the Roman hierarchy. Among the other personages who crowd the scene are the churchmen Hanno of Cologne, Adalbert and Liemar of Bremen, Peter Damiani, Hugh the White, the anti-Pope Wibert, Lanfranc and Berengar, Leo IX., and Urban II. There is the "great Countess" Matilda, the constant supporter of the ecclesiastical party, and in times of danger its animating spirit. There are Otho of Nordheim and Rudolph of Swabia; Frederick, the founder of the Imperial House of Hohenstaufen; Herlembald, the fiery zealot and agitator of Milan; Robert Guiscard, the bold and crafty adventurer who became strong enough to drive both the Eastern and the Western Emperors to flight; Godfrey of Bouillon, and the other heroes of the first crusade. And although his name appears but little in the contest between the Papacy and the Empire, inasmuch as he was content to enjoy within his own dominions those privileges of sovereignty which were everywhere else assailed, there is the one prince whom Hildebrand respected, dreaded, and ineffectually courted, William of England and Normandy.

In recent times this period has not only been treated by historians as a part of a larger subject, but has itself formed the theme of several special works. Voigt, who led the way, has been followed as a biographer of Gregory VII. by Söltil and Déliceluz; the ingenious but perverse and paradoxical Gfrörer has, we believe, signalized his conversion to the Roman Church by a book in which Abbot Hugh of Cluny is represented as the real Pope and director of the age; and for twenty years or more, we have been led to expect an elaborate History of Gregory from the masterly hand of M. Vilemain. Even in our own language, the last quarter of a century has produced two lives of the great Pope by Sir Roger Gresley and Mr. Bowden. Sir Roger's work has never fallen in our way, and we have little doubt that it deserves the oblivion into which it has sunk; but that by Mr. Bowden, while it has no claim to the extravagant praises with which it was hailed by the author's friends, appears to us deserving of something better than the strongly expressed contempt of Sir James Stephen, and the utter neglect of Dean Milman. Although far from brilliant, it is carefully and conscientiously compiled; and even the feebleness of judgment which pervades it is not without a certain interest and significance. For this feebleness chiefly arises, not from any deficiency in the author, but from his position at the time the book was written—when, shifting from the original patristic ground, he had begun to admit the impressions of mediæval Romanism, but as yet with a feeling rather of awe than of affection, and with an anxious resistance to every thought which might tempt him to abandon the English Church.

The work now before us has added very little to our knowledge; yet it is not to be condemned as superfluous, since it is written with a distinct object—namely, to counteract that apparent sympathy with Hildebrandine Romanism which many Protestant writers of Germany have displayed, and which has naturally occasioned great exultation among the Ultramontane party in the Roman Church. This exultation, indeed, is founded on a mistake; for the Ultramontanes neither understand how many-sided the sympathies of philosophical Germans are, nor how wide is the interval which in them separates speculation from practice. Of this, an amusing instance is given by Professor Voigt, in the preface to the second edition of his *Hildebrand*. About twenty years after its first appearance, the book found a French translator, whose version was read with delight by the Bishop of La Rochelle. This worthy prelate, supposing the original to have been lately published, and the author to be still a young man, addressed a letter to him, urging him to

become a member of the Church which he had so effectually served by his pen. After wandering to one after another of the Professor's successive abodes, the letter at length found him comfortably established in the University of Königsberg; and he forthwith indited an answer which must have considerably astonished his right reverend adviser, explaining that, although his admiration of Hildebrand was as glowing as ever, he felt an equal enthusiasm for other "representative men"—such as Socrates, Mahomet, Luther, and Frederick the Great! We forget the contents of the further letters which were written on each side; but the conclusion of the affair was delightfully German. The eulogist of the great "setter-up and plucker-down of Kings" held himself bound, as a good Prussian, to carry the whole correspondence to the police-office, from which it was forwarded to the King; and he winds up his narrative by expressing infinite delight that "Allerhöchstdieselben" had been pleased to signify approbation of his conduct. The mediævalism of such writers, therefore, is in truth not to be regarded either as a token of approximation to Rome, or as the involuntary tribute of opponents.

Professor Floto, however, is determined that the Ultramontanes shall make no mistake as to him; and, although he refrains from naming Voigt, it is evident that he intends the book as a counterblast to the well-known *Life of Hildebrand*.

"If [he says] I have in some quarters been reproached with an utter want of understanding for the happiness of the middle ages, I willingly and heartily admit it; but my representations are not the less strictly true on that account. . . . Goethe was only too right when, with reference to the 'unclean fellows' (as he calls them), he said of our romanticists 'We no longer know at all what we have to thank Luther for.' Well then, I should like to contribute my share, that we may once more discern it."

From this specimen it may be inferred that our author is a man of somewhat unceremonious speech. In truth, his style of dealing with opponents is an exaggeration of the roughness which German men of letters are apt to display towards each other, and which was, we believe, the cause of nine-tenths of the irritation produced among us by Baron Bunsen's *Hippolytus*, as the learned author, in adopting the English language for the vehicle of his ideas, had unfortunately not perceived the necessity of discarding the German controversial tone. For one remarkable outbreak of discourtesy Professor Floto apologises in the preface to his second volume; but even if we regard that passage as withdrawn and cancelled, there remains very much that is objectionable in the same way. Indeed his style altogether savours too much of the newspaper, and is disfigured by frequent instances of vulgarity, as where he says of Hildebrand's partisans:—"Es ist unglaublich wie sehr diesen der Kamm schwoll," and on another occasion, that their "Gesichter wurden ungemein lang." Nor can we say that in more important respects the performance is entitled to very high praise. There is no pictorial or dramatic skill—the scenes which glow in the pages of Dean Milman are related in the driest way, and with an entire absence of effect. And the reflections in which the author indulges are nowise remarkable either for their profundity or for the taste with which they are expressed. But Dr. Floto deserves credit for a diligent collection and comparison of his materials, for an honest employment of them, and for the distinctness—unimpressive although it be—with which his complicated story is related.

One of the principal objects—more especially in the first volume—is to disparage the authority of Lambert of Hersfeld, who, before the republication of his *Annals* in Pertz's *Monumenta*, was usually known as Lambert of Aschaffenburg. Lambert is, as Sir James Stephen has said, "among the most graphic and animated of historians." He rises far above all other chroniclers of his time—perhaps above all the German chroniclers of the Middle Ages—by a real power of historical narrative, which has often been acknowledged, not only with admiration, but with something like surprise at its occurrence in circumstances where such a quality could hardly have been expected. But, according to our author (who in this appears to be supported by the weightier authority of Ranke), the monk of Hersfeld is more attentive to effect than to accuracy; he relates with equal circumstantiality and confidence things of which he was personally cognizant and those which had reached him from a distance through vague and unsifted reports; and he allows himself to fill up the story with picturesque but imaginary details. It is not for us to enter into the evidence by which these very serious charges are supported; but we are glad that, notwithstanding his general distrust of Lambert, Professor Floto allows the account of Henry's first entrance into Italy, and of his humiliation at Canossa, to remain with little alteration, although he prefers the humbler narrative of Berthold, in so far as it reaches.

Henry IV. is, of course, very favourably represented. The biographer dwells with delight on the beauty and dignity of his person, on his great abilities and accomplishments, on the unwearied activity and unbending resolution which he displayed from the time when the interview with Gregory at Canossa had roused him to a new understanding of his difficulties and his duty, and on his amiable, affectionate, generous, and placable character. He fondly repeats such expressions of the old chroniclers as "Henricus pater pauperum," and "quia nimium pius erat." He boldly—too boldly, as it appears to us—denies the imputations against the Emperor's morals, not only the monstrous stories which all respectable historians agree in tracing to the unpardonable malignity of his enemies, but even those which are only

* *Kaiser Heinrich der Vierte und sein Zeitalter*. Von Hartwig Floto. 2 vols. Stuttgart.

too probable, and which are rather ignored than refuted by the general encomiums of the Imperialists. And when at length the Emperor dies, heartbroken by the rebellion of his ungrateful and perfidious son—the second son whom the ecclesiastical party had incited to take up arms against him—Professor Floto assures us of his salvation as positively as some other writers assure us of the contrary:—

"Happy art thou, Henry," exclaims the Bishop of Liège, "now thou wearst a crown which thy heir cannot tear from thee." Bravo, honest Othert! and to me at this day it is matter of joy that he died under the ban of the church, which assuredly the Almighty does not regard. Be easy, thou good Othert; for his death was not to be lamented, inasmuch as a good life preceded it; and it stands written, "Blessed are they that die in the Lord."

Towards Gregory our author endeavours to be studiously fair. He is careful to point to such instances of moderation as can be found in the earlier part of his papacy, and to guard against confusion between the spirit of his outset and the full-blown pretensions of his later years. Even for his behaviour at Canossa an excuse is advanced which to us seems inadmissible. No doubt the Pope (as Dr. Floto says) after having set out towards Germany with the intention of calling Henry and the malcontent princes to plead before the tribunal of St. Peter, was annoyed by finding that the King appeared in Italy with a request for absolution which, if granted, would frustrate the scheme; but we cannot allow this to be any excuse for that extreme severity towards Henry against which, as Gregory himself acknowledges, all who were present exclaimed as barbarously and unchristianly tyrannical, nor for the atrocious attempt to entrap Henry by the administration of the eucharist as an ordeal.

In accounting for the irreconcilable breach between the Empire and the Papacy, the blame is divided between the factiousness of Henry's German enemies, who charged their own misrule on the Sovereign and besieged the Pope with calumnies against him, the readiness of Gregory in believing these falsehoods, the unskillfulness of the envoys who were employed in negotiations between the parties, and the rashness with which Henry, when exasperated by the news of his excommunication, took the irrevocable step of declaring Gregory to be deposed.

Professor Floto delights in pointing out that the temporary triumph of Gregory's principles resulted at every point in eventual failure. The Papacy became omnipotent only to sink into deeper disgrace than ever; the prelates were emancipated from the control of secular princes, and forthwith the character of their order declined; the marriage of the clergy was suppressed, and they plunged into all uncleanness. And if it be asked, what was the great work which Gregory really effected? our author replies that he showed the weakness of the feudal system, and that the disruption of Germany remains to this day as the sad consequence of his exertions. With regard to one of the subjects here mentioned—the enforcement of celibacy on the clergy—Professor Floto vehemently attacks the opinion that the evils of compulsory celibacy were in some degree compensated by its effects in preventing the establishment of the mediæval clergy as a caste; but his argument seems to involve a misrepresentation both of the character and of the meaning of the remark against which it is directed. It is idle to tell us that Gregory and his partisans did not profess any such purpose in requiring the clergy to live unmarried; for no one has ever pretended that they did, and the opinion in question is not advanced as a justification of Gregory, but as an inference from the facts of mediæval history. And when, in answer to the substance of that opinion, we are told that the celibacy of the clergy did not prevent, but effected, their formation into a caste, the confusion of ideas is evident. J. von Müller and others had said that celibacy preserved the clergy from becoming an exclusive, hereditary class; and our author has certainly not disproved this by saying (however truly) that it formed them into a class which, though animated by a corporate feeling, was neither hereditary nor in any way exclusive.

Professor Floto, who, between the publication of his two volumes has been appointed to a chair at Basel, is a pupil of Ranke, and we presume that he is still young. There is, therefore, reason to hope that we may meet with him again, when we trust that to the industry and independence which appear in the present volumes, he may be found to have added increased power of thought and composition, improved taste, and sounder discretion.

GASTON BLYTH.*

ALTHOUGH the initials on the title-page of these volumes no doubt suit a writer of either sex, the internal evidence leaves no doubt that it is the work of a lady. And it suggests the very alarming question—What are our lady novelists coming to? Twenty, or even ten years ago, such a book would have been impossible. We trace in it the influences of Shelley and Keats, of Carlyle and Disraeli, of Tennyson (especially of *Maud*) and Dickens, of Ruskin and Kingsley, of Miss Brontë, Mrs. Browning, and the very latest school of poetry. We shall not be suspected of undervaluing these teachers; but this strange book furnishes too ample proof that it is not every mind which can make a wholesome use of their teaching. If a reader of Scott and Miss Austen were to take up *Gaston Blyth* without having gone through a preparatory course of more recent literature, he would probably suspect that he had got into a sort of Bedlam.

Gaston is the son of a widowed lady, who is devoted to certain notions of duty, and who, while deeply loving the boy, considers herself bound to show him only the severity of such discipline as she supposes to be necessary for a character which she assumes to be "cowardly, false, dishonourable, and," above all, "self-conscious." Gaston rebels against this treatment, and thinks of his mother according to her behaviour towards him. These two, and the other chief persons of the story, do all that they can to make each other miserable, and it is not until the very end of the second volume that Mrs. Blyth is brought, by her son's dangerous illness, to show that she feels anything of a mother's tenderness. By riding one day beyond bounds, Gaston becomes acquainted with an uncle, Colonel Godwin, who had been estranged from his relations in consequence of marrying an Italian lady, while Mrs. Godwin's father had died in grief and wrath on account of her marriage with the Englishman. A visit of the Godwins to Mrs. Blyth follows. Gaston, by way of discipline, is locked up in his room; and, as he has conceived a reverential love for his Italian aunt, a bright thought strikes him:—"Suppose I were to set fire to the house; I would save my aunt, the rest might escape as they could." He sets fire to the house accordingly, and it is burnt down, Gaston's intended heroism is not required for the deliverance of his aunt, who, "dressed in white, with long floating hair, passed calmly through the rushing vapour," which "seemed to rise up in a wall at either side of her, as if it could not touch or hurt her;" but he rescues from the flames a less dignified object—the cook's little girl—who is "half-witted" for the rest of her days. Mrs. Blyth, after alarming her son with solemn talk as to the enormity of "arson," does not claim the 7000*l.* for which the house was insured—the cause of the fire is hushed up, and Gaston is committed to the care of a tutor. After a time, when the tutor is unable to attend to him, he is thrown on the hospitality of Colonel Godwin, a gentleman whose "high intellectual forehead" is marred by combination with "a wide mouth, loose lips, a retreating chin, a weak jaw," and eyes which are "expressively painful," inasmuch as "the colour looked boiled out of them, but the eyeballs were bloodshot." The Colonel is an enthusiast for farming and back-gammon; and his eccentricities, which are partly ascribed to a wound received in the Peninsula, are of the most furious kind. He leads everybody about him a terrible life, fancying that he is robbed by his servants, and neglected by his wife and daughter. His behaviour alternates between overdone courtesy and frenzies of causeless, aimless rage. He throws his daughter and the friends whom she is visiting into consternation, by writing that he is irretrievably ruined, and next day surprises them by bursting in on them without any notice, and apparently in the best possible spirits—when, on being questioned, he explains that he had seen on an agricultural friend's farm a steam-plough so perfect as to convince him that whoever did not use it *must* be ruined, and consequently that he and his tenants were all ruined already.

Sylvia Godwin, who is four years older than Gaston, is a heroine of the most exalted and incomprehensible type. When they meet as children, he can make nothing of her. They meet again, after some years. Gaston falls in love, out of love, and in love again. They turn to each other, and from each other, and grow red and pale, for reasons which we are utterly unable to divine. Sylvia, after much unintelligible behaviour, at length avows that she loves her cousin, but that she can be nothing more to him than a friend—her mother, on her deathbed, having forbidden any nearer connexion. Gaston, thus dismissed, roams wildly about the world, parenthetically taking a first class at Oxford. Among other people, he falls in with some relations whom he had not seen since childhood—a Mr. and Mrs. Smith, with their daughter, who is differentiated from other Miss Smiths by the baptismal name of Ulicia. Mrs. Smith—a horror of Gaston's earlier days—is described as a "strong-minded woman"—loud, bony, talking paradoxes, railing at conventionalities, bullying everybody, and upsetting everything within her reach. Mr. Smith (whom, in her strong mindedness, she had compelled to discard the affectation of writing himself *Smythe*) is a meek man, full of admiration for his wife and child, and hardly daring to own even to himself his sense of the peckings which he receives from both; while the consolation of his life is a devotion to Handel. By his death, which Gaston accidentally witnesses at a sea-side hotel, the daughter becomes an heiress with a hundred thousand pounds. Ulicia is a very formidable young lady—splendidly beautiful, with hair of which "the colour is considered unique," inasmuch as "there is a gold-green shade through it, that Thorburn admires so much, that he has painted it as a study for himself"—and full of passionate longings. She puts to sea in a little boat in a night of fearful storm, for the sake of the excitement, having tempted an old French fisherman to risk his life for her for twenty pounds, and paying him forty when the adventure is over; and, but that the hero has anticipated her in the feat, we might expect her, like her namesake, to set fire to another Torquilstone, for the mere fun of the thing. Having been hopelessly banished by Sylvia, Gaston, after many misgivings, lays siege to Ulicia; and his scenes with the second lady are as far beyond our understanding as those with the first. At length, when "valuing" with Ulicia at a magnificent ball, he hears that Sylvia is dying, and hurries to Colonel Godwin's house. A death scene of fantastical pathos follows. Sylvia owns that her love had been constant, and leaves for his perusal a journal, by which it appears

* *Gaston Blyth*. By L. S. Lavenue, Author of "Eriesmere." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 2 vols. 1858.

that she had come to think her dismissal of him wrong. Thus, between the importance attached to a parent's disapprobation by Mrs. Godwin in her own case, and Sylvia's final resolution as to her parent's disapprobation, we are left in some doubt as to the view which the author would inculcate on an important point of casuistry. Gaston has an alarming fever, and on his recovery becomes a new man. He is a prodigy of benevolence, and "is very poor"—partly because in his wilder days he lost half his fortune at billiards in one night, but more because "he spends so much in doing good of every sort;" and, not having much money at his disposal, he has given his manuscript memoirs to a Reverend Mr. Glynne, who had been Sylvia's oracle, to be published in aid of a fund for a new school. Seldom, surely, even in these days of eccentric charity, has so strange a contribution been made for such a purpose.

To attempt a more precise sketch of the plot would be as hopeless as to relate coherently, and in due order, the tricks and transformations, the slappings and bangings, of a pantomime. We are hurried backwards and forwards, abroad and home again, without seeing anything either of scenery, manners, or character. People come and go, talk and act, without doing anything which is either interesting in itself, or in any visible way conducive to the development of the story. Among the host of smaller personages, there is the Rev. Ithuriel Hughes, D.D., one of the Evangelical "pundits" to whom Mrs. Bligh delights to surrender herself, who marries an elderly Lady Joanna, and from a watering-place orator settles down into a very comfortable country rector. There is Lord de Boville, a superb gentleman, from whom great things are expected by "his party," and who at last marries Ulrica, which may perhaps contribute to Gaston's *Coningsby*-like contempt for him and his party together. There is another peer, Lord Owyte Lawe, whose title we suspect to be meant, after the manner of Mr. Dickens, for a way of disguising the word *outlaw*; and there is also a frail and brilliant Lady Owyte Lawe. There is a French banker, with a rage for Shakspeare, which, however, is only shown by his making one or two misquotations, and calling his horse "Surree." There is Mr. Newton, a floral enthusiast, with a wife who is Sylvia's dearest friend and sister to the oracular Mr. Glynne. But the humours of these, and of others whom we do not name, have nothing in them to interest us.

A religious vein appears from time to time. Gaston, in boyhood, receives at the same moment Baxter's *Saints' Rest* from a station-master on the South-Eastern Railway, and a Bible, the dying gift of Mrs. Godwin. He is much impressed by both; but by and by the *Everlasting Rest* drops out of sight, and the Bible is left at Dr. Hughes' rectory, and is never thought of until, a year later, Lady Joanna's maid restores it to the owner. At one time he has a mind to turn tract-hawker in the south of France; at another, an old Oxford acquaintance tries to pervert him to Rome; but it is a comfort to know that so exemplary a person as the Mr. Bligh of 1858 is still "a member of the English Church."

The style of the book throughout is spasmodic. The dialogues are a series of little starts, and are in great part utterly enigmatical. Here, for example, is a specimen, taken at random, from a conversation between Gaston and Sylvia:—

"Do you think your roses desired coercion from Margaret?" I asked, later in the evening.
 "They did not need it."
 "But perhaps they thought they did?"
 "They are too perfect to think—they only exist."
 "Do you know why I ask? I have been wondering at your longing to be controlled. I suppose it is womanly—I cannot sympathize with it."
 "I am further from youth than you are, both in fact and feeling."
 "How do you know?"
 "Am I not?"
 "What is youth, Sylvia?"
 "The period of self-confidence."
 "Don't you think self-confidence wicked? good people generally do."
 "It is a state, not a wickedness."
 "And when it and youth have gone, what follows?"
 "Then, it seems to me, action begins; before was effort and growth," &c.

Or again, let us hear Gaston and Ulrica, after the young lady's night on the stormy sea:—

"You are tired," says Ulrica, "is that why you insist I ought to be?"
 "I am tired, but I thought of the horses."
 "Don't you know that they are machines? there is no life in the world but ours."
 "Really, and who are we? You talk as if you were a Rosicrucian; have you been reading *Zanoni* lately?"
 "I don't read much, I think it's better to live—and there is little enough time in seventy years. Oh, how men and women waste their time!"
 "Do they? I sometimes think so, but I don't know what better to do."
 "Do and know is the right order—not know and do. People always invert them, and so come to grief."
 "But what is there to do?"
 "I don't know, I am trying to find out."
 "You see it comes to the same thing in the end."
 "Not so, or I should have slept at home last night. I mean to try everything."
 "What a sceptic! will you not believe anything on trust?"
 "It isn't that I won't, but I can't; besides my thoughts are not all my life. This civilized world ignores every power but the brain; but I mean to get back into what we call the dark age."

And so it goes on, snip, snap, snip, much longer than we care to follow it. Even Mrs. Newton, who is one of the saner characters, cannot announce Sylvia's approaching death without telling her husband that—"My friend has perished for want of love—yet I am wrong, she is but caught to the Central heart."

If there are people who talk and write in this style, we are very thankful that we have never met with them.

We are far from denying that the authoress of *Gaston Bligh* has talent. If she had not, she would perhaps not have been tempted to go so utterly astray from nature, reason, and probability.

COURT FOOLS.*

TWO or three centuries hence, when an *editio princeps* of Tennyson will fetch its weight in gold, and the character of a library depend on its possessing a *Vanity Fair* with the original plates, Dr. Doran and his writings will unquestionably be a great puzzle to readers as well as to book cataloguers. A complete index to his books will occupy nearly as much space as the books themselves, though probably it will be seen that such a thing is not necessary, each work being in itself a sort of amplified index. At any rate, his industry, his acquisitiveness, and the range of his reading cannot fail to inspire posterity with admiration and wonder; and if literary controversies are maintained with anything like the spirit which is evinced at present, it will certainly be a moot point whether he was a man or a system, as Madame de Staël pronounced Napoleon I. to be. It will be, no doubt, difficult for our descendants to satisfy themselves that such a mass of discursive erudition was ever accumulated by a single individual; but we, before whose eyes the process has been going on, are less likely to treat the matter as a marvel, and even were Dr. Doran to write about the Curiosities of the Differential Calculus, or make a foray into geology under the title of the *Earth's Crust*, and *Crumbs of Knowledge* about it, none of us would be taken very much by surprise. This is our misfortune. It is not to be supposed that the ancient Egyptians, who used to turn out of a fine evening to see how the pyramids were getting on, felt anything like the awe with which those structures inspire us.

But however unimpressed we may feel by the variety of Dr. Doran's learning, few of us who have read his works will not plead guilty to a veneration, not wholly free from curiosity perhaps, for its shrine—Dr. Doran's note-book—that honey-bag where he stores away the produce of his roamings among the flowers of knowledge. A marine store, or a railway lost-parcel office, or a military outfitter's, where you can be supplied at a moment's notice with anything, from a flannel waistcoat to a Colt's revolver, must wear an appearance of homogeneity compared with that omnivorous tome. The only thing in art or nature that we can imagine to bear a tolerably close analogy to it is one of those receptacles which ladies who work for charitable bazaars are in the habit of keeping. Nothing is too fine or too coarse for such a magazine. It is a rag-republic, in which silks and satins lie jumbled with cotton prints and chintzes, until a fancy fair in aid of the Charwoman's Home is set on foot, and then the contents of the bag are turned out, and a benevolent public purchases them in the form of penwipers and pineushions. It is a mistake to fancy that authorship achieved on a basis of this sort is purely a thing of these latter days. In Burton's time, those who "rake over all indices and pamphlets for notes, as our merchants do strange havens for traffique," were just as common as they are now, and even by his own admission, the Anatomist of Melancholy was as industrious as any of them. But there is this distinction to be drawn—that then an author pilfered to set off his writings—now he writes to set off his pilferings; and there is the same difference between the results as between inlaid-work and patchwork. So completely recognised has the modern mode of proceeding become, that the more foreign material a writer contrives to introduce into his work, the more praise he gets on the score of industry and painstaking attention to his subject; and when some future Trench comes to write about English, Past and Present, he will find that in the middle of the nineteenth century "thoughtful" frequently meant "full of quotation," and that "wide reading" was a phrase nearly synonymous with copious note-making. There are certainly cases in which a book constructed on the patchwork principle may be not only justifiable but desirable. We could hardly mention one more in point than Dr. Doran's *Table Traits*. There he had to deal with a subject which could not be dealt with in any other way. Its very nature implied a gathering together of scraps and odds and ends, and his turn for curious research enabled him to produce a book not merely readable but uncommonly pleasant. If he has not been so successful in the present instance, it is because he has adopted a treatment precisely similar, under circumstances altogether different.

The idea of a History of Fools and Jesters was happy. The subject is comparatively new, interesting—if only as illustrative of the manners and habits of the past—and capable of being made very amusing, so that from many points of view the reading public would have welcomed an able treatise upon it. This, however, is just what Dr. Doran's book is not, and the excuse he makes on this point is one which we think should not be admitted. He says he "has not pretended to instruct." Why has he not? Why should not he, as well as any other, be one of the instructors for whom he "has simply brought together materials?" If the thing was worth doing at all, it was worth doing as well as possible. His answer, perhaps, will be that instruction

* *The History of Court Fools*. By Dr. Doran. London: Bentley. 1858.

is not in his line, and that his object in writing was merely to afford amusement. If so, the only comment we have to make is one similar to that on the preacher who apologized for a ten-minute sermon by saying, "He did not wish to be tedious." "And yet you were tedious," was the rejoinder. On the whole, Dr. Doran's book is not amusing. We have, here and there, a good story neatly told, but there is an intolerable deal of something not quite as exhilarating as sack in his bill of fare. He deserves credit for the best intentions, and his assiduity in collecting matter is unquestionably praiseworthy, but he has unfortunately overshot the mark, and has crammed himself into a plethora which is incompatible with liveliness. It is, however, only fair to say that, if the work is not so entertaining as we could wish, the fault is not entirely the author's. Those whose ideas of the jester of olden time are founded on theory, or taken from *As You Like It* or *King Lear*, no doubt expect to find a history of the profession overflowing with drollery. But the fact is that the materials for such a history, the anecdotes and stories which have come down to us, are, with few exceptions, surpassed in dreariness only by the recorded jokes of the class. Scanty as is our information on the subject, it is sufficient to show that the stage-fool was almost an ideal character, and had very few traits in common with his prototype in real life. Both enjoyed that "liberty withal, as large a charter as the wind to blow on whom they pleased," which Jacques so coveted—subject, however, to the penalty of whipping in certain cases; but the latter was seldom, save by chance, a "bitter fool," like him in *Lear*, and never "deep-contemplative," like Touchstone, or "wise enough to play the fool," like Feste in *Twelfth Night*. He was, for the most part, either a pert spoken knave, with a craze more assumed than natural, whose smartest things would be denied admission among the facetiae of a Sunday newspaper, or else a mere idiot who afforded amusement by being the perpetrator, or the object, of stupid and sometimes very coarse practical jokes. For the sake of contrast, as well as for the peculiar privileges of his position, his familiarity with his master, and his license of speech, the fool was naturally a valuable property to the dramatist; but the character required considerable dressing at his hands before it was fit for the stage, where it was to be sustained by a rational being, without its usual accessories in the old hall, the venison pasties, the beef, the blackjacks, the boisterous merriment, and my lord in that happy frame of mind in which a child, not to say a fool, might play with him.

We cannot see the necessity for theories such as those generally employed to account for the existence of the Court and domestic fool as an institution. As far as private families are concerned, Mr. Collier thinks it may be attributed partly to the circumstance that "the care and custody of idiots was of old assigned to individuals as a source of emolument, the latter having the control and management of the estates of the former." Others trace it to the decorum of old times, when freedom of speech between equals was considered ill-bred, and a man who wished to say rude things was forced to do so by deputy. May we not find a much simpler explanation in the fact that something to laugh at, or with, was just as much a necessity formerly as now? It is true the fun afforded by the fool was not of an exalted description, but we must not think meanly of our ancestors for tolerating it when they could get no better. Let us take the case of a fine old English gentleman in a country house on a wet day in the middle of the sixteenth century. After he had pulled the ears of all his dogs, and teased all his hawks, and played at bowls or loggats till his arms ached, how was he to pass the time till supper? All the standard works in his library, perhaps in the language, he had read several times. Of the newer publications with which he was less familiar, the lightest were some of the random rhymes of Skelton or Thomas Tusser's *Hondreth Good Points of Husbandrie*. The post had brought him no *Punch*, no *Bell's Life*, with an omniscient column of answers to correspondents. Can we blame him then, if, when his serving-man mentioned that there was down in the village a "natural fool" of exquisite simplicity, he sent and had the fool up on trial—"caught him up" is Armin's happy phrase—and finding the remedy, such as it was, serve on one occasion, reserved it for future use? Three hundred years ago, people were less fastidious and more easily amused than now; and grimaces and tricks which to our pampered intelligence seem better calculated to produce than to prevent yawning, no doubt proved effectual specifics against ennui. In Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1842—the most, if not the only, reliable picture we have of the fool of olden time as he really was—the reader will find specimens of the pleasantries which used to divert our forefathers. In the case of one Jack Miller—of whom "it is to be noted, he strutted hugely and could neyther pronounce *b* nor *p*"—"the jest was to hear him pronounce 'brave beggars'" in a popular song called "Derries Faire." Another jest consists in setting a fool to ride at a glove blindfold—"Jemy runs: they all shout aloud, and cry, 'Rarely well done!' and one unblinds him, while another puts the glove on the spear." Sometimes the fool himself indulged in a joke, which, though it savoured of the humour of the monkey, seems to have been well received, especially in one instance, where a fool "hearing them praise the goodness" of a certain hawk, killed and eat it, in order to judge for himself. In this case we are told that though the gentleman loved his hawk, yet he loved the

fool more, and "being glad to make himself merry, jested on it ever after." Could we have stronger proof of the theory just advanced than this? Occasionally a fool of a better class was "caught up"—one who could say a good thing now and then, and had some amiable traits in his character. Such a one was Will Sommers. In the whole history of fools there is nothing comparable to the story of Will and his Uncle, "the plaine old man of threescore yeeres" who came up out of Shropshire to visit his relative, "a gentleman in the court dwelling, called by the name of Will Sommers." "Will takes him by the hand," says Armin, "and led him to the chamber of presence, and ever and anon cries out, 'Awaie, roome for me and my uncle! and knaves bid him welcome. You are welcome, sir,' said they; the old man thought himself no earthly man, they honoured him so much." And then we are told, Will, "seeing him not fine enough to looke on the King, attires him in his best foolles coate, simply, God wot, meaning well to him; and the simple old man as simply put it on, cap and all," and so they go before the King, and the old man tells his tale about Terri's Frith, and the tyranny of his rich neighbour. What a picture the scene would make—bluff King Hal, good-naturedly amused at the simple old country-man, tricked out with the insignia of folly, and utterly unconscious that his uniform is not the pink of correctness—the fine gentlemen of the Court grinning in their enjoyment of the brave sport which "this kinde old man," as Armin calls him, is making for them—and Will, in his capacity of extempore gentleman usher, throwing as much importance as he can into that merry honest face which looks at us through the grating in the long room at Hampton Court.

It would have been better perhaps, though it is not a matter of very great importance, if the word "Court" had been left out of the title of the work before us, for it seems to contrast the Court with the domestic fool. There was in reality no essential difference. The Court fool was a man of greater mark, and therefore notices of him are more frequent. His name was employed to give currency to proverbs. In Wither's *Abuses, Whipt and Stript*, we find allusions to "Scoggin's crows," and "Sommers's trotting mare," introduced in this sense. He figures in collections of merry conceited jests, all of which are stupid, and many filthy as well as stupid. Here, by the way, let us pay a tribute to the delicacy of Dr. Doran, who, being unwilling to offend his readers, in these cases generally "refers the curious" to the authorities in a way which will no doubt have the effect of giving a good deal of trouble at the British Museum. Of the domestic fool, on the other hand, we have very few such records. The only difference was, that the Court, having the command of the market, generally had the better article, whether the superiority consisted in excessive ugliness and stupidity, as in the case of Jemy Camber, the Scotch Court fool already mentioned—or in good-humour and wit, like Will Sommers—or in power of repartee like his French contemporary, Triboulet. In his notice of the latter jester, Dr. Doran should not have passed over the part which Triboulet is made to play in Rabelais, where, also, he would have found, in the story about "Seiny Jhon, Caillet's fore great grandfather," a full description of the costume of a fool, very possibly studied from Triboulet, whom no doubt Rabelais had often seen.

It is a very significant fact that as soon as true humour began to make its appearance in a form that could be generally appreciated, the institution of the fool or jester began to decline. Under James I., it is true, it struggled on for a while, for that monarch, though perhaps possessed of the "wut" which Sydney Smith attributes to his nation, had not a particle of feeling for humour in his composition. But even in his Court the office of the professional fool was almost a sinecure, so numerous were the amateurs. In Sir Henry Wotton's *Letters* we read of a mock tournament at Court between "Archy and a famous knight called Sir Thomas Persons, the one a fool by election, and the other by necessity;" and Sir Anthony Weldon tells us that the King used to "come forth to see pastimes and fooleries in which Sir Ed. Souch, Sir George Goring, and Sir John Finit were the chief and master fools." There was also a Sir John Milliscent who was "the best extemporary fool of them all," and for the Royal diversion these worthy knights used to "present David Droman, and Archie Armstrong, the King's fool, on the back of the other fools, to tilt one at another, till they fell together by the ears." But to all intents and purposes when the Shaksperian drama came in, fools went out. Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, turned them adrift. It was his own reflection on the stage that finished poor Zany, Narcissus-like—he despaired of ever approaching it, and so he died. In France it was the same; 1640 saw the last of the last French Court fool, and fifteen years afterwards Molière's name was in every mouth. No wonder the cap and bells remained unclaimed. What chance had poor Zany against Tartuffe?

When we say died, we mean, of course, merely as an official. Since his discharge and surrender of his livery, he has gone out and mixed with the world, and set up on his own account. He has tried to pass for a humorist by imitating humorists, and employing, what the advertisement calls, "the untradesmanlike falsehood of 'connected with them'—it's the same concern;" but he generally betrays himself so as to render it impossible to mistake him. Before the close of the century which witnessed his retirement into private life, we have him cropping up, as

geologists would say, in Tom Brown and Tom Durfey. A little later, we find traces of him here and there in comedy, and at the end of the last century the comic drama is quite rich in specimens. As we get on into modern times, we observe that he is more widely distributed; but under whatever circumstances we find him, his attributes are the same. As of old, he may be recognised by his aptitude for making all that is beyond his comprehension, or too delicate for his perception, the subject of burlesque or caricature. As Archy Armstrong excelled in a mock tournament, so he is most at home now when he travesties the work of a better man. If he values what others respect, it is as the boy values the dead wall, because he sees an opportunity for scrawling his grotesques upon it. Be it picture or poem, the first thing he looks for in it is an absurdity. If he cannot find one directly, he stands on his head, and bases his ridicule upon the inverted view thus obtained. In this way the success of many a good work has been marred, and possibly it might be for the advantage of the public if one of the tribe could be tamed, and, as cormorants are employed by the Chinese fishermen, allowed to follow his instincts in pouncing upon absurdities so that they might be removed before his hungry wild brethren could get at them. Whether or not confinement would be likely to have a deteriorating effect upon his powers, is a question which belongs rather to the physiological consideration of the subject. If the reader wishes to pursue his studies in this direction, he cannot do better than turn to the *Satires and Satirists* of Mr. Hannay, on whose lecture-table he will observe one of the varieties of the genus we have been describing, labelled "Simious Satirist," and neatly cut up by a firm-handed and brilliant anatomist. Whipping, the old mode of visiting the jester's delinquencies, is now out of the question; but it is desirable that some restriction should be put upon his license, as well for his own sake as that of others. It would be a pity to abolish the calling. It is not venerable, perhaps—as a general rule, respect is not the feeling which the power of exciting laughter produces. Still, the jester's is an old calling, and might be made moderately respectable, and even useful, if he could be taught a little discrimination in pelting his jokes; for, when every hat, good or bad, wears its mud-cockade, it ceases to be a distinction.

LORD ST. LEONARDS' HANDY BOOK.*

As we were seated lately in a railway carriage, waiting for the departure of the train, there came up one of the vendors of the cheap books which are read so largely by the travelling public, and holding up a handful of them at the window to tempt the passengers, called out, "The *Defence of Lucknow*, by a Staff Officer—Thackeray's last number of the *Virginians*—Lord St. Leonards' *Handy Book on Property Law*—a book everybody buys!" "Do you sell many copies of the *Handy Book*?" we asked, although, of course the question was superfluous, if it was true that everybody bought it. "I should think so, sir!" was the reply, given in a tone that betrayed something like contempt for our ignorance; and a tolerably strong proof of the assertion is afforded by the fact that the book has already reached a fifth edition.

It certainly seemed strange to find a work on so unpromising a subject as Property Law selling in company with *Letters left at the Pastrycook's* and the *Sporting Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green*, and apparently in much greater demand; and we began to imagine that the ex-Lord Chancellor had been writing a rival to the *Comic Blackstone*, and making merry with such lively materials for a jest as executory devises, shifting clauses, and *scintilla juris*. We had heard of an eminent mathematician who used to read Fearn's *Contingent Remainders* by way of amusement, and we thought that as the great culinary magician, M. Soyer, can make savoury meat such as Isaac would have loved out of bones, so Lord St. Leonards had been constructing something funny out of the dry—the very dry—bones of real property law. When, however, we opened the book, we at once fancied that we recognised an old friend with a new face, and on turning at our leisure to *A Series of Letters to a Man of Property*, by Sir Edward B. Sugden, published more than thirty years ago, we found we were not mistaken. The *Handy Book*, in fact, is a reprint, with additions and alterations, of the former work, which went through several editions; and the fifth, that appeared in 1829, is now before us. It was then, however, a lean octavo, bound in orthodox dull law calf, with a circulation confined to barristers and attorneys. It has come out now as a small post octavo, with a smart scarlet cover and a new name, and competes at the railway stalls for popular favour with the last number of a novel by Dickens or Thackeray. We confess we do not quite understand why the fact of the *Handy Book* being a resuscitation of the *Letters to a Man of Property* has been kept so entirely out of sight, or why Lord St. Leonards says in his introduction, "I have in my youth and in my manhood written much for the learned in the law; why should I not, at the close of my career, write somewhat for the unlearned?" This conveys the impression that the work has been written by Lord St. Leonards in his old age as a sort of legacy from his ripe experience to the public; whereas, in truth, the great bulk of it was written and published more than a quarter of a century ago, when he was in the zenith of his brilliant career, and one of the leaders, if not the leader,

of the Court of Chancery. The introduction to the *Handy Book* is the same as the introduction to the *Letters to a Man of Property*, with this characteristic addition—characteristic of the altered times we live in:—

In short, you want in the form of familiar letters, what is now so much in vogue, a work upon an interesting subject calculated "for the million," whom I should be but too happy to assist; such a work, whilst it imparts knowledge, may perchance beguile a few hours in a railway carriage.

Who, on reading this, would suspect that these familiar letters for the railway carriage and the million were in print, and had gone through several editions, long before the Liverpool and Manchester railway was opened?

The *Handy Book*, however, contains a good deal of new matter—for instance, Letters on the Rights of Husband and Wife in their several Properties, on Judicial Separation and Divorce, on the Power of Parents over Children, and on Trustees; and the numerous changes that have taken place in the law during late years are always noted with accuracy, and sometimes discussed with acumen. The book, in fact, is admirably written, and as a condensed summary is superior to anything of the kind we have ever met with. Generally speaking, nothing is so unsafe to rely upon as a popular compendium of law. Every man his own lawyer is about as possible a state of things as every man his own doctor; and if it is attempted to be realized, the purse will suffer as much in the one case as the person in the other. It has been said that the best friend of the attorney is the man who makes his own will; but we would back against him the man who, without any professional education, acts in a legal difficulty under the inspiration of the *Cabinet Lawyer*. One reason of this—and it is all-sufficient—is the extreme nicety of the distinctions in which the law delights—distinctions which make all the difference between the probability of failure and of success in a law-suit, but which it is absolutely impossible in a short and popular compendium to point out or render intelligible to the non-legal mind. We cannot give a better illustration of this than by showing that even Lord St. Leonards himself—*pace tanti viri* be it said—has, from the extreme brevity with which he has been obliged to treat the various subjects he discusses, laid down propositions which as they stand are not entirely accurate. For instance, he says:—

If a purchaser is damaged by the gross want of skill in an attorney, or by his neglect to search for encumbrances, he may recover at law against the attorney for any loss which he may sustain. But when the attorney has acted under the advice of counsel he is safe.

From this it might be inferred that in all cases an attorney may get rid of personal liability in the conduct of a client's affairs by acting under the advice of counsel. But the law is not so; and in opposition to a dictum so broadly stated, we will quote the judgment of the Court of Common Pleas in the case of *Godefroy v. Dalton* (6 Bing. 469), where they say:—

We lay no stress upon the fact that the attorney had consulted his counsel as to the sufficiency of the evidence; because we think his liability must depend upon the nature and description of the mistake or want of skill which has been shown; and he cannot shift from himself such responsibility by consulting another, when the law would presume him to have the knowledge himself.

Again Lord St. Leonards says, of a seller of property:—

You may not refer a purchaser to an agent who is ignorant of circumstances affecting the property of which you yourself are aware. If your agent should be guilty of a fraudulent representation or a fraudulent concealment, you would be liable.

If the second proposition is intended as a qualification of the first to show how concealment vitiates a sale, we submit that it is a different proposition from, and not an explanation of, the other. For an agent who is ignorant of circumstances affecting the property cannot be guilty of a fraudulent concealment of them. And if the first proposition is to stand alone, as absolutely true, then we think it is at least doubtful whether it is correct. In a well-known case in which the late Lord Abinger differed from the rest of the Court of Exchequer, a plaintiff had employed an agent to let a house for him, and the defendant asked the agent "if there was any objection to the house," to which the agent in perfect good faith answered, there was not. It turned out, however, that the adjoining premises were of a disreputable character, of which the plaintiff was aware, although his agent was not. The defendant, on the discovery of the objection, refused to fulfil his written contract to take the house, and the question was whether he was liable for a breach of the agreement. Lord Abinger thought he was not, but the rest of the Court thought he was, and so judgment was given for the plaintiff. Upon merely technical grounds, perhaps, the majority of the learned Barons were right, but no one can read the masterly opinion of Lord Abinger without feeling that the law ought to be as he laid it down, and on the broad and simple ground that in such a case the knowledge of the principal should be held to be the knowledge of the agent.

No man knows better than Lord St. Leonards the folly of imagining that the unlearned public can, by the aid of any book that ever was or ever can be written, safely dispense with the assistance of a lawyer in cases where a knowledge of law is practically required. As he himself pithily remarks, "When a man has an estate to sell, he generally goes first to an auctioneer; I advise you to go to an attorney." Once when a person, thinking he could get a medical opinion without a fee, told a physician whom he met in society his malady, and asked him, "Doctor, what do you advise me to take?" the reply was, "Take! why,

* *A Handy Book on Property Law. In a Series of Letters, by Lord St. Leonards. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1839.*

take advice!" And we recommend every man to adopt the same course when he gets into a legal difficulty. But in Lord St. Leonards' *Handy Book* he will find some capital hints which may save him from many a scrape. Of this kind are the following:—You should be cautious whom you employ as an auctioneer, for any loss by his insolvency would fall upon you; he is your agent. We may add, however, that he is the agent of both parties, buyer and seller; and for that reason his signature satisfies the Statute of Frauds and binds both. Again, you may employ one person to bid for you at an auction when you sell property, to prevent its going beneath its value; but you must not employ more than one, for that would be considered unfair puffing. Never bid for a leasehold estate clogged with the condition that the production of a receipt for the last half-year's rent shall be accepted as proof that all the lessee's covenants were performed up to that period, for there may have been a prior breach of covenant, and the landlord may not have waived his right of entry for the forfeiture. Do not take possession of an estate until objections to the title are removed, for such a step would in some cases be held to be an acceptance of the title. Before you enter an auction-room make up your mind as to price, and do not be led away by the persuasions of the auctioneer, who is the agent of the seller, or the biddings of others. Do not sign a contract tendered to you by the auctioneer unless a reciprocal contract is signed and delivered to you at the same time by him. In writing about the sale or purchase of an estate, you should always cautiously declare your offer not to be final, lest the other party should, by accepting the terms you mention in your letter, not intending them to be final, entrap you into a binding contract. Mind your fire insurances. Very few policies against fire, says Lord St. Leonards, are so framed as to render the company legally liable. If you have added an Arnot's stove, or made any other important change in your mode of heating your house since your policy, you should call upon the company to admit the validity of your policy by an endorsement on it. Lord St. Leonards mentions, by way of enforcing this caution, what happened to himself. He had two houses in the country, in each of which a glass door opened from the drawing-room into a conservatory. The one he had insured from the time he had built it—the other for a few years only, in the same office, when a fire broke out in the latter; and he was then told by the office—"a highly respectable one"—that his policy was void, as the opening to the conservatory rendered it hazardous; and if so, both policies of course had been void from the commencement. Lord St. Leonards says that he was prepared to try the question; but the objection was ultimately withdrawn, and the loss paid for. We venture to think that if the action had been brought, he would have succeeded, unless there was something hazardous in the mode of heating the conservatory.

These are only a very few of the extremely useful suggestions scattered throughout the volume, which make it valuable to everybody, quite independently of the more abstruse learning it contains, upon which it would be as dangerous to act without a professional adviser, as it would be for a landsman to attempt to steer a ship in a storm, with only a book on navigation in his hand.

It is rather startling to hear an ex-Lord Chancellor saying, "Thus I have told you what truths you must disclose. I shall now tell you what falsehoods you may utter in regard to your estate." Of course it is not meant that morally any falsehood may be told, but only that there are some which do not, at Law or in Equity, vitiate the contract of sale. And it is curious to see the distinctions taken in these falsehoods. They remind us of the difference in Roman Catholic theology between venial and mortal sins. Thus, you may falsely praise, that is *puff*, your property. You may describe it as uncommonly rich water-meadow, although it is imperfectly watered. In selling an advowson you may falsely state that an avoidance of the living is likely to occur soon. You may say, as a mere puff, that your house is fit for a respectable family; but you may not say, in answer to inquiries, contrary to the fact, that the house is not damp. And you must disclose a right of sporting or of common over your estate, or a right to dig mines under it. The reason of such distinctions as given by the law—*valeat quantum*—is, that some statements are enunciations to purchasers to make inquiries for themselves, and that concealments, to be material, must be of something that the party concealing is bound to state. Although Lord St. Leonards does not allude to the point, we might, had we space, while upon this subject, enlighten our readers by a set of cases in which the law relating to bugs is elaborately laid down, and explain to them in what instances the presence of these domestic nuisances in inconvenient numbers does or does not affect a contract for taking a house. But we must be content to refer them to the leading authorities in the pleasant volumes of Meeson and Welsby, where they will find the law fully expounded.

It is well known that Lord St. Leonards has been the most sturdy opponent of a general plan for the registration of deeds, such as exists in Scotland, and in the counties of York and Middlesex in England. In the *Handy Book* he takes care to recapitulate his objections, which resolve themselves into (1) the inconvenient disclosure of men's private affairs; (2) the danger that would result from making the validity of deeds depend upon the fact, or their effect upon the priority, of registration; (3) "a

register would not work well without maps, and they would cost at least two millions; and the number of deeds requiring registry would destroy the plan by its own weight." He says that it seems to be universally admitted that such a plan cannot be established; but we much doubt whether the advocates of the measure have at all changed their opinion in its favour. What is found feasible for two counties, one of which is the largest, and the other the wealthiest (or, next to Lancashire, the wealthiest) county in England, can hardly be called impossible for the whole country; and the scheme has undoubtedly many advantages to set off against Lord St. Leonards' objections.

There are three excellent Letters on the important subject of Wills, ushered in by a very useful piece of advice:—

I am somewhat unwilling to give you any instructions for making your will without the assistance of your professional adviser; and I would particularly warn you against the use of printed forms, which have misled many men. They are as dangerous as the country schoolmaster or the vestry clerk. It is quite shocking to reflect upon the litigation which has been occasioned by men making their own wills, or employing incompetent persons to do so.

Lord St. Leonards gives a new reading of the doggerel which defines a fee simple. He quotes it thus:—

A tenant in fee-simple is he
That need fear neither wind nor weather;
For I'd have you to know and to see,
'Tis to him and his heirs for ever.

But the old version is better rhyme, and quite as good sense:—

A tenant in fee-simple is he
That needs neither to shake nor to quiver;
For I'd have you to know, and I'd have you to see,
'Tis to him and his heirs for ever.

We have only to say, in conclusion, that the book is exactly what it professes to be, and will be found extremely "handy," not only by the country gentleman and railway traveller, but by the practising lawyer to refresh his memory; and it is pleasant to possess a work written by an author who is so thoroughly master of his subject, who can convey instruction in so clear and simple a style, and upon whose accuracy the reader can so thoroughly rely.

COUSIN HARRY.

MRS. GREY, after a lengthened career spent in the observation of English life and manners, seems to be of opinion that their prominent feature consists of the quarrels of married couples. She has on more than one occasion reaped considerable reputation from her compositions; but the best of them have been ever faithful to this single text. She looks at her pet theme from every point of view. In the *Gambler's Wife* it is the husband that goes wrong; in *Sybil Lennard* the wife elopes; and in the work before us, the husband again is the culprit. The colouring varies, but the pattern is still the same. She details at length all the interesting processes by which a quarrel is brought to the birth—dwells with gusto on the successive bickerings, suspicions, and recriminations by which it is quickened into its full tragical development. And the caprices and the jealousies by which it grows are such marvellous specimens of human eccentricity, that we feel convinced that no unaided brain could have conceived them, but that they must have been drawn from the life. We can only congratulate ourselves that we do not number her models among our personal acquaintance. We would not be understood to say that all this anatomy of incompatibility has not a moral end. Was there ever a female novelist who did not feel that it was woman's mission to lecture the rising generation under the guise of amusing them? We have no objection to offer to this manœuvre—indeed, the present state of pulpit eloquence, in point of attractiveness, would lead us to think that it is the only chance the rising generation have of being lectured at all into the paths of piety and virtue. But Mrs. Grey should remember that if the admixture of sermon be too strong, its narcotic properties will entirely mar its effect. She tells her story to her readers exactly as mammas tell their little darlings of Robert, the naughty little boy, and Charlie, the dear good little boy. At every stage of her personages' careers she stops to improve upon the situation—enlarges on their errors, or commends their virtues—shows how Henry ought to have done this, only he did not do it because he was wanting in such and such a principle, and Nita would not have used such naughty sharp words if she had remembered some text of Proverbs or the Psalms which bears upon the subject. A few pious reflections, a text or two, and some verses of Keble, conclude the chapter; and the personages are allowed to go on with their performance until another edifying commentary stops the way. We shall not be accused of disparaging the use of holy names and supernatural sanctions in their fitting place; only we beg to doubt whether that place is a love story. In the name of the tired brains that turn for relief to the newest batch from their circulating library, we must protest that the crime of binding up a sermon as a three-volume novel is hardly less than that of the Eton boy who brings into chapel a novel bound up as a prayer-book. Most of us remember *Punch's* picture of the thirsty sailor eyeing a bottle as it floated to the shore, "Rum, perhaps"—then, as he dashed into the waves to seize it, "Sherry, I hope"—but lastly, opening it, with a despairing shout, "Tracts,

• *Cousin Harry*. By Mrs. Grey. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

by jingo!" Our readers will be very much inclined to say, "Tracts, by jingo!" when they close Mrs. Grey's grand-maternal lucubrations.

Of the story it is not needful to say much. It is an excellent vehicle for moral instruction, seeing that there is a very good little boy and a very bad little boy, and two very silly little girls who are always making desperate blunders with the best intentions. Harry and Henry are two cousins serving in India. An old man in England dies, leaving a request that Harry, whom he has never seen, should marry his daughter, who is an heiress. But Harry will not come home; and so he sends his cousin Henry home instead, to look at the young lady and report on her. Of course Henry falls in love—tells a great many lies, for which he is very properly rebuked by Mrs. Grey—and marries the heiress. Then, when Harry does come home, the heiress, being married—it is a way Mrs. Grey's wives have—falls in love with him; but he, being perfect, represses his burning passions in his heart, and proposes to Henry's sister—whereupon Henry falls into a fit of desperate jealousy, and both refuses to let him marry her, and runs away from his own wife. The end of the story is, that Henry falls into a marvellous trance which lasts three days; and his wife, who has recovered from her illicit affection, improves the opportunity by marrying Harry and the sister before Henry awakes. Henry then wakes up from the trance a renovated moral being—is reconciled to everybody—and both of the cousins go into Parliament. It is a sign of the unromantic tendencies of the age, that whereas formerly the happy lover was always supposed to be sufficiently rewarded by the possession of his bride, no author is now satisfied without translating him to the Elysium of St. Stephen's, or giving him a permanent office under Government at the very least.

The authoress has before this treated plots even more improbable with great success. Her style is good and flowing, and her characters are always agreeable, and sometimes even interesting. But whatever powers she may have had have been utterly swamped by the vocation for religious instruction which has suddenly descended upon her. It is vain to attempt to recover the few solid morsels of interest that are floating about in this vast liquid mass of preachment. We can hardly hope to persuade Mrs. Grey for the future to desist from sermonizings, for she probably thinks it the most valuable portion of her labours. But as a friendly compromise, we would entreat her to disengage the two mingled elements—to publish the story in the first volume, reserving the sermon, unpolluted with any secular matter, for the other two—and above all to sell them separately.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

In consequence of numerous applications from persons desirous of completing their sets of the "Saturday Review," all the early Numbers have been reprinted; and the Publisher is now able to deliver single copies of each number from the commencement, at 6d. each copy, unstamped. He is also prepared to supply entire volumes as under:—

| | |
|---|--|
| Vol. I. cloth lettered, price 16s. 6d., or half-bound, 19s. 6d. | |
| " II. " " 20s. 6d. " 23s. 6d. | |
| " III. " " 16s. 6d. " 19s. 6d. | |
| " IV. " " 16s. 6d. " 19s. 6d. | |

Also Reading Cases, to contain single copies, price 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 39, Southampton-street, Strand.

London: Published at 39, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C. And supplied by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—EXTRA NIGHT.

LES HUGENOTS.
THERIENS, ORTOANI, GIUGLINI, VIALI, ALDIGHIERI, and BELLETTI.
On Thursday next, April 22, will be repeated MEYERBER'S Grand Opera, GLI UGONOTTI; and the new Ballet Divertissement CALISTO, in which Madlle. POCCHINI and Madlle. ANNETTA will appear.
For Particulars, see small Bills.
Applications to be made at the Box-office, at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—

Under the Management of Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, KING LEAR. Preceded by, SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.
Tuesday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business; FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.
Friday (on this occasion), THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business; A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The NEW ROOMS, containing the COLLECTIONS OF ORNAMENTAL ART, are now OPEN to the Public DAILY.

MESSRS. DICKINSON'S EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS, WORKS OF ART, and the large PICTURE OF THE GUARDS, will OPEN to the Public on MONDAY, April 19th.—114, New Bond-street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS is now open at the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, DAILY, from 10 till 5, admission 1s.; and every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, from 7 till 10, admission 6d. The Brompton and Putney Omnibuses pass every five minutes. The Exhibition of the French Photographic Society has just been added to the collection.

PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will give a Course of TWELVE LECTURES on GEOLOGY, having especial reference to the application of the Science to ENGINEERING, MINING, ARCHITECTURE, and AGRICULTURE. The Lectures will commence on Friday Morning, April 16th, at Nine o'clock. Fee, £1 11s. 6d. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ AT

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—On Thursday Evening, April 29th, his "Cricket on the Hearth." On Thursday Evening, May 6th, his "Chimes." On Thursday Evening, May 13th, his "Christmas Carol." Each Reading will commence at Eight exactly, and will last two hours. PLACES FOR EACH READING.—Stalls (numbered and reserved), Five Shillings; Area and Galleries, Half-a-Crown; Unreserved Seats, One Shilling. Tickets to be had at Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL's, Publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

FOREIGN VINEYARD ASSOCIATION (Limited).—JOINT STOCK WINE COMPANY. Commanding Capital £200,000. Formed for the supply of PURE WINE to Clubs, Public Establishments, or Private Families, at prices from 25 to 50 per cent. under ordinary prices. Terms, Cash or Reference. Very fine Epervay Champagne, worth 72s., price 46s. per dozen. Sherry, fine dinner, 32s. and 36s. Sherry, finest first growths, 40s., 44s., and 48s. Ports, Old, in wood, 34s. and 36s. Ports, Crusted, very fine old, in bottle, 42s., 48s., and 56s. Sparkling Moselle, 48s. and 56s. N.B. Nearly every Club in London supplied, Military and Naval Messes, and 300 Private Families. For detailed Price Lists, or Free Tasting, apply at 190, Regent-street. Manager and Secretary, T. W. STAPLETON, Esq.

WINE.—DENMAN, INTRODUCER OF THE SOUTH

AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c.—TWENTY SHILLINGS PER DOZEN. These wines, the produce of a British colony which has escaped the vine disease (the vintage occurring in February may account for the same), are in consequence wholesome, and are warranted free from acidity and brandy—are admitted by Her Majesty's Customs at half-duty, hence the low prices. A Pint Sample Bottle of each for twenty-four stamps. Bottles included. Packages allowed for when returned. "We have taken the trouble to try Mr. Denman's wines, and have also submitted them to several of the clergy, and the opinion formed is that they are worthy of being patronised."—*Clerical Journal*, Oct. 22nd, 1857. EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen. TERMS.—CASH. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cheques to be crossed "Bank of London."

J. L. DENMAN, Wine and Spirit Importer, 65, Fenchurch-street. Counting-house entrance, first door on the left up Railway-place.

THE ORIGINAL SPANISH DEPOT.

The CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON for REAL SPANISH MANTILLAS, BRUXELLES BRIDAL VEILS and FLOUNCES, IRISH POINT Ditto Ditto.

A. BLACKBURNER'S, 56A, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (LIMITED)

Are now selling their New Patent Fluid,

SHERWOODOLE, for removing Stains of Grease from

SILKS, BOOKS, SATINS, DRAWINGS, CARPETS, LAMP GLOBES, TABLE COVERS, KID GLOVES, &c.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 6d. each,

With Labels and Capsules marked "Price's Patent."

SHERWOODOLE will be found to have a much less unpleasant smell while being used than most other solvents, and evaporates, leaving no trace in the fabric cleaned.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ARE GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.

To be had at all Italian Warehouses and Chemists, and Wholesale at

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (LIMITED), BELMONT, VAUXHALL, LONDON, S.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

which has now acquired such universal celebrity, is sanctioned and recommended by

BERZELIUS, BARON YOUNG, PROFESSOR PERRIN, F.R.S., DR. MILLER, F.R.S., DR. SHERIDAN MURPHY, F.R.S., DR. NASSALL, DR. LETHBRIDGE, DR. GRANVILLE, F.R.S.,

And innumerable other eminent Physicians and scientific Chemists of European reputation, for its invariable purity, uniform strength and efficacy, entire freedom from nauseous flavour and after-taste, and proved therapeutic superiority over the Pale or Yellow Oil, arresting disease and restoring health much more rapidly than any other kind.

Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; capenell and labelled with Dr. DE JONGH's stamp and Signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by most respectable Chemists.

SOLE BRITISH CONSIGNERS, ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

CLARKE'S NEW PATENT PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS.

Tin at 1s. Lacquered or Bronzed, 1s. 6d. each. For burning the New Patent Pyramid Night Lights; the most convenient, safe and economical yet introduced. Sold by all Grocers and Lamp Dealers, and wholesale by S. CLARKE, 55, Albany-street, Regent's Park, and by PALMER and Co., Clerkenwell, London, E.C.

MILITARY OUTFITS FOR INDIA AND THE COLONIES

furnished at the shortest notice.—NAVAL OUTFITS, for the Royal or Mercantile Service, carefully and speedily provided.—PRIVATE OUTFITS, to any extent, supplied.—In the LADIES' OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT every article is selected with the utmost regard to neatness and economy; and experienced females are in constant attendance.—Apply to S. W. SILVER and Co., Manufacturers, at their Warehouses, Nos. 66 and 67, Cornhill, and 3 and 4, Bishopsgate-street (opposite the London Tavern), where their waterproof fabrics and India-rubber manufactures may be had in every variety.

CROSSE AND BLACKWELL,

PURVEYORS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY,

RESPECTFULLY invite attention to their PICKLES, SAUCES, TART FRUITS, and other Table Delicacies, the whole of which are prepared with the most scrupulous attention to wholesomeness and purity. A few of the articles most highly recommended are—Pickles and Tart Fruits of every description, Royal Table Sauce, Essence of Shrimps, Soho Sauce, Essence of Anchovies, Jam, Jellies, and Orange Marmalade, Anchovy and Bloaters Pastes, Strasbourg, and other Potted Meats, Calf's-Foot Jellies of various kinds for table use, M. Sayer's Sauce, Relish, and Aromatic Mustard, Carstairs' Sir Robert Peel's Sauce, and Payne's Royal Osborne Sauce. To be obtained of most respectable Sauce Vendors, and wholesale of CROSSE and BLACKWELL, 21, Soho-square, London.

A RETIRED PHYSICIAN, whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered while in the East Indies a certain cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds, &c. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard, and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy and happy. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow-creatures as request it, this Recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to enclose him six stamps—one to be returned as postage on the Recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement.—Address H. JAMES, M.D., 14, Cecil-street, Strand.

MARGATE SEA-BATHING INFIRMARY.

Patron—The QUEEN.

Governors are requested to observe that Applications for the Admission of Patients into the Hospital by the Sea Side should be now made, as it opens early in May.

Office, 4, Dowgate-hill. C. J. ROWSELL, Secretary.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of British Artists.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the CORPORATION will be held, in FREE-MASONS' HALL, Great Queen-street, on SATURDAY, May 8th, 1858.

CHARLES DICKENS, Esq., in the Chair.

Since the Foundation of the Society the sum of £20,530 12s. 6d. has been distributed in relieving the Widows and Orphans of British Artists, and during the past year 51 Widows and 21 Orphans have received Annuities amounting to £338 15s. The Institution is entirely supported by the Voluntary Donations and Subscriptions of the Patrons of the Fine Arts.

Tickets, £1 1s. each, may be obtained of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, AUGUSTUS H. TRIBELTON, 16a, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President—Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.

SPECIAL SERVICES for WORKING PEOPLE will be held in the Churches of ST. PAUL'S, DEPTFORD, and ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN, on the following WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, and on ASCENSION DAY, when Sermons will be preached as under—

| | St. Paul's Deptford. | St. Andrew's, Holborn. |
|-------------------------------|---|---|
| April 21st | Rev. D. Moore, M.A., Incumbent of Camden, Camberwell. | Rev. J. Lawrell, M.A., Incumbent of St. Matthew's, City Road. |
| 28th | Rev. J. Lawrell, M.A., Incumbent of St. Matthew's, City Road. | Rev. T. J. Rowsell, M.A., St. Peter's, Stepney. |
| May 5th | Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. | Right Rev. The Lord Bishop (Designate) of Calcutta. |
| Ascension Day, May 13th | Rev. T. Jackson, M.A., Rector of Stoke Newington. | Rev. Dr. Moberly, Head Master of Winchester. |

And in ST. CLEMENT DANES and CHRIST CHURCH, SPITALFIELDS, on the following FRIDAY EVENINGS and on ASCENSION DAY, when Sermons will be preached as under—

| | St. Clement Danes. | Christ Church, Spitalfields. |
|-------------------------------|---|--|
| April 23rd | Rev. T. J. Rowsell, M.A., St. Peter's, Stepney. | Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Ripon. |
| " 30th | Rev. Dr. Moberly, Head Master of Winchester. | Rev. T. Jackson, M.A., Rector of Stoke Newington. |
| May 7th | Rev. J. Richardson, M.A., Incumbent of St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmund's. | Rev. Hugh McNeill, D.D., Incumbent of St. Paul's, Liverpool. |
| Ascension Day, May 13th | Rev. Ashton Oxenden, M.A., Rector of Pluckley, near Maidstone. | Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., St. Jude's, Chelsea. |

Divine Service will commence at Eight o'clock.

EDWARD PARRY, Hon. Sec.
J. COMYNS COLE, Secretary.

B. S. FINCH, Rector of St. Paul's.
J. J. TOOGOOD, Rector of St. Andrew's.
S. C. MASON, Rector of St. Clement Danes.
J. PATERSON, Rector of Christ Church.
Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall Mall, April 16th, 1858.

THE COUNCIL of the HOME MISSION earnestly APPEAL FOR AID in carrying out the objects of the Society. Without additional funds it will be impossible to extend the operations of the MISSIONARY CLERGY working under the direction of the Mission, and from whose exertions it is to be hoped that, by God's blessing, great benefits will result.

DONATIONS and (more especially) ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS are earnestly Solicited. They may be paid at the Office, 79, Pall Mall, (No. 6), or at the Bank of Messrs. RAMSAY and Co., 1, Pall Mall East, to the Account of the London Diocesan Home Mission.

THE BOYS' HOME, for the TRAINING and MAINTENANCE, by THEIR OWN LABOUR, of DESTITUTE BOYS NOT CONVICTED OF CRIME. 44, EUSTON ROAD.

Committee.

Rev. THOMAS BEAMES, St. James', Westminster.
GEORGE BELL, Esq., 186, Fleet-street.
GEORGE WILLIAM BELL, Esq., 36, Woburn-place.
HENRY GREENE BUTT, Esq., 5, Chancery-lane.
Rev. THOMAS DALE, Canon of St. Paul's, Vicar of St. Pancras.
THE VISCOUNT GODERICH, M.P.
THOMAS HUGHES, Esq., 3, Old-square, Lincoln's Inn.
The Rev. FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, 6, Russell-square.
Rev. WILLIAM ROGERS, St. Thomas, Charterhouse.
WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., New Street-square.
GEORGE SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., New Street-square.

Within the last few years, several Reformatories have been started in London and the neighbourhood for destitute boys. These institutions have on the whole been successful, and they have shown that under proper management destitute boys, who have already been convicted of offences against the law, may be reclaimed; and that in the meantime the proceeds of their labour go far towards defraying the cost of their maintenance.

All the above Reformatories are open to boys who have been convicted, and in most of them unconvicted boys are also received; but it is believed that there is no institution specially provided for boys who are destitute, but have not been convicted.

The gentlemen whose names appear on this prospectus desire to supply this want. They have opened a house, in a central situation, where boys are clothed, fed, and instructed, and have a home without the influence of bad example. Order, neatness, and cleanliness, both personal and domestic, are strictly enforced as important elements in moral training. The boys are engaged in household work, cleaning the rooms, windows, and furniture; also on carpentry and chipping wood, cooking the meals, washing and mending their clothes. Daily instruction is given in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and in the Holy Scriptures.

The boys will be put to remunerative work as soon as they are fit, and it is hoped that the institution may be thus made in a great measure self-supporting, and that many persons will be willing to give situations to boys who have earned a character in the Home. It is intended that some of the boys shall be employed in out-door work, returning every evening to the Home; some will be instructed at the Home in skilled labour. The Home will be a training school, and will differ from Reformatories in not admitting convicted boys.

Under these circumstances, the Committee of the Boys' Home appeal with confidence to the Public to help them in offering to destitute boys who have never been convicted, the same advantages which have already been provided for convicted criminals.

Application may be made to the Committee, at the Home, No. 44, Euston Road, for the reception of boys, either gratuitously, or at a fixed rate of payment. The number will consist entirely of the most urgent and most deserving cases. The number of boys boarded and taught in the Home, upon payment, must also in some measure depend on the future arrangements of the Committee, but the Managers intend carefully to avoid the substitution of the "Home" for the proper and natural guardianship of the parents.

Subscriptions may be paid to Mr. GEORGE BELL, Honorary Secretary, No. 186, Fleet-street; to any Member of the Committee; to the Master, SERGEANT RAYMENT, at the Home, No. 44, Euston-road; or to the account of the Boys' Home, at Messrs. COVENS and Co.

BANK OF DEPOSIT.—ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844.

3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

Parties desirous of Investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security. The interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

SPECIAL NOTICE.**CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 13, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.**

ESTABLISHED 1824.

All Persons who effect POLICIES on the Participating Scale BEFORE JUNE 30th, 1858, will be entitled at the NEXT BONUS to One Year's Share of Profits beyond later Assurers. Proposals should be forwarded to the Office before June 20th.

The last Annual Report, as also a statement of the Sixth Bonus declared in January, 1857, setting forth in detail the whole state and affairs of the Office, and especially the Benefits which will hereafter accrue to Persons now Assuring, can be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or from the Office.

GEORGE H. PINCKARD, Actuary.

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Assistant Actuary.

13, St. James's-square, London, S.W.

THE LONDON WINE COMPANY (Limited), 1, PRINCES STREET, REGENT STREET, and 43 and 44, LIME STREET, CITY, supply PURE WINES at the lowest possible prices.

For example, they charge 36s. and 38s. per dozen for pale, golden or brown Sherries, shipped by the celebrated Spanish house, Buff, Gordon, and Co.; fine fruity Ports, at 38s. and upwards; sparkling and creaming Champagne direct from the vineyards of Epervay, at 45s. 6d.

HENRY ROBERTSON, Manager.

2D. DISCOUNT IN THE SHILLING allowed off all NEW BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &c., for CASH, at WILLIAM DAWSON and SONS, Booksellers, 74, Cannon-street, City, London. (Established 1800.)

WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT? is often a thought passing through the minds of literary and public characters, and persons of benevolent feelings. Apply as under, and you will receive every information required. Every description of Printing, Engraving, Lithography, and Book-binding executed.

RICHARD BARRETT, Mark-lane, London. Established 25 years.

CHEAP BOOKS.—Surplus Copies of "Tom Brown's School-days," "Dr. Livingstone's Africa," "Ruskin and Turner's "Harbours of England," "Stephen's Life," and many other Books, are now on Sale at BULL'S LIBRARY, at greatly reduced prices.

Catalogues forwarded post free on application, also Prospectuses of the Library.

BULL'S LIBRARY, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, London, W.

NEW SONG.—PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

WHEN MY LOVE SIGHS I HEAR. Words and Music by NECTARINE SUNNYSIDE, Esq., Author of "I, too, am Seventeen, Mamma!"

CHAMBER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

This day is published, 1 Vol. Fcap. 8vo, price 6s. 6d. cloth.

THE CATECHISM OF POSITIVE RELIGION. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By RICHARD COSGROVE, M.A., Author of "The Roman Empire of the West," &c.

London: JOHN CHAPMAN, 8, King William-street, Strand.

Just published, cloth, 2s., sent post free.

AN ENQUIRY WHEN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY OR FLESH WAS FIRST INSERTED INTO THE PUBLIC CREEDS. By the late ARTHUR ASHLEY SYKES, D.D., Prebendary of Winchester.

London: WILLIAM WHITE, 36, Bloomsbury-street, Oxford-street.

WITH A NEW PREFACE.

The Sixth Edition of

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By an OLD BOY.

Now ready in Crown 8vo, cloth, price 10s. 6d.
The Preface may be obtained by the purchasers of former editions, on application to their respective Booksellers, or on forwarding two postage stamps to the Publishers.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN & Co. May be had of all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Just published, 12mo, neat cloth, 5s. 6d.

OLLENDORFF'S NEW and EASY METHOD OF LEARNING the GERMAN LANGUAGE, translated (unabridged) from the original French edition. By HENRY W. DULCKEN.

London: D. NUTT, 270, Strand; WILLIAMS and NORGATE, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, and 20, South Frederick-street, Edinburgh.

LAW OF INDIA.

Just published, price 15s., Royal 8vo, cloth.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN BRITISH INDIA; its Past History and Present State: comprising an Account of the Laws peculiar to India. By WILLIAM H. MORELEY.

WILLIAMS and NORGATE, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London; and 20, South Frederick-street, Edinburgh.

THE CHEAP EDITION OF THE WORKS OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

The following Books will be added to this Series:—

DOMBEY AND SON. DAVID COPPERFIELD. BLEAK HOUSE.

Each in 1 Vol., price 5s., with an Engraved Frontispiece.

DOMBEY AND SON will be published in a few days; DAVID COPPERFIELD and BLEAK HOUSE at intervals of about two months.

London: BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Bouverie-street.

NEW SPORTING WORK.—ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

This day is published, price 14s., handsomely bound in cloth.

ASK MAMMA; or, the Richest Commoner in England. By the Author of "Sponge's Tour," "Handley Cross," &c. Illustrated with Thirteen Coloured Engravings and numerous Woodcuts by John Leech.

"Leech's illustration of 'the entry of the two ladies to Mrs. Yammerton's evening party' is worth the price of the number twice over. A pair of better faces were hardly noted down by Hogarth."—*Athenaeum*.

BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Bouverie-street.

CATHEDRA PETRI.—NEW VOLUME.

In 8vo, 570 pages, price 14s. in cloth.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF CATHEDRA PETRI: a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books III., IV., and V. (or Vol. II.), from the close of the Fifth to the Middle of the Ninth Century. By T. GREENWOOD, Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-Law.

*s. Vol. I. (or Books I. and II.), 8vo, cloth, 12s.

London: C. J. STEWART, 11, King William-street, Strand, W.C.

Just published, Crown 8vo, price 5s. 6d.

HALF-HOURS OF TRANSLATION; or, Extracts from the best British and American Authors to be rendered into French, and also Passages translated from French Contemporary Writers to be reproduced into the Original Text, with idiomatic Foot Notes. By ALPHONSE MARIETTE, M.A., Professor of French at King's College, London.

"We have no doubt that this volume will answer its purpose admirably."—*Critic*.
RELFE BROTHERS, 150, Aldersgate-street, E.C., London.

MAUNDER'S POPULAR TREASURIES.

** New and thoroughly revised Editions; each *Treasury* complete in One compact Volume, Fcap. 8vo, of about 900 pages, comprising about 1800 columns of small but very legible type.

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

MAUNDER'S SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY TREASURY: a New and Popular Encyclopedia of Science and the Belles-Lettres; including every Subject connected with Literature and Art Price 10s.

BIOGRAPHY.

MAUNDER'S BIOGRAPHICAL TREASURY: consisting of Memoirs, Sketches, and brief Notices of above 12,000 Eminent Persons of all Ages and Nations Price 10s.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

MAUNDER'S TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE AND LIBRARY OF REFERENCE: a copious popular Compendium of Universal Knowledge; including Grammar, Dictionary, Gazetteer, Mythology, Chronology, Peerage, &c. Price 10s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

MAUNDER'S TREASURY OF NATURAL HISTORY: a Popular Dictionary of Animated Nature; enlivened with Anecdotes of the Instinct, &c., of Animals; with 900 Woodcuts Price 10s.

HISTORY.

MAUNDER'S HISTORICAL TREASURY: comprising copious general introductory Outlines of Universal History, and separate Histories of every principal Nation Price 10s.

GEOGRAPHY.

MAUNDER'S TREASURY OF GEOGRAPHY, Physical, Historical, Descriptive, and Political. (Completed by WILLIAM HUGHES, F.R.G.S.) With Maps and Steel Plates Price 10s.

The SIX TREASURIES complete, price £3, cloth.

Each *Treasury* { price 12s. 6d. neatly whole bound in calf, } may be had
 { price 12s. bound in roan, with gilt edges, or } separately
 { price 10s. bound in cloth lettered, } (as above.)

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

M'CULLOCH'S COMMERCIAL DICTIONARY.

In 1 Vol., 8vo, price 50s. cloth; or 55s. strongly half-bound in Russia,

A DICTIONARY, PRACTICAL, THEORETICAL, AND HISTORICAL, OF COMMERCE AND COMMERCIAL NAVIGATION: Illustrated with Maps and Plans. By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq. A New Edition.

** This edition contains full Abstracts of the late Statutes in regard to Navigation, the Conveyance of Passengers, Limited Liability, &c.; with a great variety of additional information.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

A New Edition, in Fcap. 8vo, price 6s. cloth,

ENGLISH; or, the Art of Composition explained in a Series of Instructions and Examples. By G. F. GRAHAM.

By the same Author, in Fcap. 8vo, price 7s.

ENGLISH STYLE; or, a Course of Introduction for the Attainment of a Good Style of Writing.

STUDIES FROM THE ENGLISH POETS: a Reading-Book for the Upper Classes in Schools and Home Tuition, 7s.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS CLASSIFIED. Fcap. 8vo, 7s.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

NEW EDITION OF FAIRBAIRN'S INFORMATION FOR ENGINEERS.

In Crown 8vo, With Plates and Woodcuts, price 10s. 6d. cloth,

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR ENGINEERS: being a Series of Lectures delivered to the Working Engineers of Yorkshire and Lancashire. With a Series of Appendices, containing the Results of Experimental Inquiries into the Strength of Materials, the Causes of Boiler Explosions, &c. By WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, F.R.S., F.G.S. Second and Cheaper Edition, thoroughly revised.

"Mr. Fairbairn's name is a guarantee for the soundness of this work. It treats of steam, fuel, and boilers,—the working classes, as they will one day be called; with an appendix on wrought iron,—which will be called the workman's jacket-stuff. Though a professional book, it is as much adapted for the general reader as such a book can be."—*Athenæum*.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL-BOOKS BY THE REV. DR. KENNEDY.

A New Edition, in 12mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth,

ELEMENTARY LATIN GRAMMAR FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By the Rev. B. H. KENNEDY, D.D., Head Master of Shrewsbury School.

Extract from a Scheme of Instruction for Brighton College, by the Rev. A. J. R. MACLEANE, M.A., Principal; now Master of the Grammar School, Bath; Editor of *Horace* and *Juvenal* and *Persius* in the "Bibliotheca Classica":—

"I propose to introduce Dr. Kennedy's Latin Grammar, a work which, on the closest examination I have been able to give it, I am satisfied combines all that is good in the Eton Grammar, with the advantages of a sound arrangement and the highest order of scholarship. It adheres to the conventional system of memorial verses in those parts where the Eton Grammar adopts them; but substitutes a more familiar measure than the hexameter, and extends the same system to prosody. The rules of syntax are in Latin; a principle universally found by experience to be the best for impressing them on the memory; and I believe it to be the best

syntax hitherto published in England. I think it incumbent upon the public schools to give so fair a specimen of the scholarship of this country the trial it deserves; and I believe it has been so far proved, as to have gone through three editions."

The above testimonial appeared in 1846. And from the large and constant demand for the work, the publishers have reason to believe that Dr. Kennedy's "Elementary Latin Grammar" has for some time past been more generally used in English schools than any other introduction to the Latin tongue.

Also by the Rev. Dr. KENNEDY, New Editions,

PALESTRA STILI LATINI; or, Materials for Translation into Latin Prose, selected and progressively arranged (recently published) 12mo, 6s.

CURRICULUM STILI LATINI: A Course of Examples for Practice in the Style of the best Latin Prose Authors (just published) 4s. 6d.—Key, 7s. 6d.

KENNEDY'S SECOND LATIN READING-BOOK 12mo, 5s.

KENNEDY'S TIROCINUM; or, First Latin Reading-Book 12mo, 3s.

KENNEDY'S LATIN VOCABULARY, on Etymological Principles 12mo, 3s.

KENNEDY'S THE CHILD'S LATIN PRIMER 12mo, 2s.

KENNEDY'S ELEMENTS OF GREEK GRAMMAR 12mo, 4s. 6d.

PALESTRA MUSABUM: Materials for Translation into Greek Verse 5s. 6d.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

NEW COMMERCIAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

On Saturday, May 1st, will be published, No. 1., price 2s. 6d.

THE FINANCIAL REVIEW: a Monthly Journal of Commerce, Politics, and Literature.

** ADVERTISEMENTS and BILLS intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers immediately.

LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO., 39, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCXVIII., IS THIS DAY PUBLISHED.

CONTENTS:—

- I. Annals of California.
- II. The Eastern Church.
- III. Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire.
- IV. The Railways of Great Britain.
- V. Edgar Allan Poe.
- VI. The Speeches of Lord Brougham.
- VII. Buckle's History of Civilization in England.
- VIII. The Conquest of Oude.
- IX. The Second Derby Ministry.

LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO. EDINBURGH: A. AND C. BLACK.

Just published, in 1 Vol. 8vo, price 18s. cloth,

ESSAYS FROM THE EDINBURGH AND QUARTERLY REVIEWS, with Addresses and other Pieces. By SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H., M.A., Member of the Institute of France, &c.

"These essays and addresses of Sir John Herschel are not mere chronicles of the progress of the science with which his name is indissolubly connected. The highest truths of this science are simply and beautifully expounded, and made clear to all classes. Very many of our readers are active members of general book clubs, and we can assure them that it would be difficult to find a work so likely to be both instructive, interesting, and generally acceptable as this collection of Sir John Herschel's essays and addresses."—*Manchester Times and Gazette*.

Uniform with the above, in 8vo, price 18s. cloth,

SIR J. HERSCHEL'S OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

Shortly will be published, in 1 Vol. 8vo,

FRENCH FINANCE AND FINANCIERS UNDER LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH. By JAMES MURRAY, Esq.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMY HERBERT."

Just published, in 2 Vols. Fcap. 8vo, price 12s. cloth,

URSULA: a Tale of Country Life. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," "Ivory," &c.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

The Second Edition, in 12mo, price 7s. 6d. cloth,

THE FALL OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC: a Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth. By the Rev. C. MERIVALE, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

** The sixth volume of Mr. Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire" will be ready in a few days.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

In square Crown 8vo, 21s. cloth; 36s. in Morocco by Hayday.

GOLDSMITH'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by BOLTON CORNEY. With Engravings on Wood, from Designs by Members of the Etching Club.

"Apart from the grace and beauty of the illustrations, it is by far the most correct and careful of the existing editions."—*Forster's Life of Goldsmith*.

Uniform with the above in size and price,

THOMSON'S SEASONS, illustrated by the Etching Club.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

Just published, in Fcap. 8vo, price 10s. 6d. cloth,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO; an Historical Sketch, 1755 to 1765. By JAMES HUTTON.

"Not only a readable, but a vastly entertaining volume."—*John Bull*.

"We seldom meet with a volume so entertaining as 'A Hundred Years Ago.'"—*Leader*.

"One of those books, rich in amusing anecdote upon a single theme, which never fail to interest the public."—*Examiner*.

"An excellent example of what may be done towards the enlightenment and instruction of the present by means of the past."—*Builder*.

"A vivid and interesting picture of the manners, habits, and customs of our ancestors of the last century in their every phase."—*Daily News*.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

Second Edition, in Fcap. 4to, price 28s. cloth, gilt top,

THE LIFE OF LUTHER, in Forty-eight Historical Engravings. By GUSTAV KOENIG. With Explanations by Archdeacon HARE: Continued by SUSANNA WINKWORTH.

"A more admirable gift-book for Christmas-day, birth-day, wedding-day, or any day, could not be pointed out."—*Builder*.

"The whole volume teems with artistic beauty, and, apart from the interest which attaches to the subject, is admirably fitted to adorn the drawing-room table as well as the shelves of the library."—*John Bull*.

"These plates are of the quality of no common interest, and the letterpress such as is seldom written to explain a series of engravings. . . . Every day since Luther died there have been fresh commentaries, fresh criticisms, fresh essays; and not the least tribute to his memory is this volume, a drawing-room book as to beauty, but for its artistic excellence a volume deserving to be standard."—*Athenæum*.

** This is only edition with the original steel plates.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

CAPTAIN BURTON'S PILGRIMAGE TO MEDINA AND MECCA.

Just published, in 2 Vols. Crown 8vo, with Plan, Woodcuts, and coloured Plates, price 24s. cloth,

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A PILGRIMAGE TO EL MEDINAH AND MECCAH. By RICHARD F. BURTON. Bombay Army. Second Edition, revised; with several additional Illustrations from Drawings by the Author.

"The narrative of Captain Burton should be read by all who would obtain an exact view of the actual state of belief in the Mohammedan world. It reflects from its centre the civilization of the 'Koran.' The author, perhaps, may not intend to produce in his reader's mind such results as these volumes in our opinion suggest; but his story, told with simplicity, exposes much corruption and imbecility, even in the citadels of Islamism. From other points of view the book is as valuable as it is entertaining. It certainly widens the area of geographical science: it unfolds the life and manners of a strange people; it depicts singular and dramatic scenes in the interior of lands hitherto mysteries to Europe. Captain Burton is an accurate observer, a liberal and intelligent critic, a faithful and pictorial narrator. His record of travel, also, while it is steeped in Eastern colours, bears the signs of ripe scholarship, and all who read to be informed as well as amused will consult his narrative of rare enterprises and curious adventures."—*Eclectic Review*.

By the same Author, 8vo, with Maps and Coloured Plates, price 18s.

FIRST FOOTSTEPS IN EAST AFRICA; or, an Exploration of Harar.

"Any one who has read Mr. Burton's narrative of his pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca, knows that whatever may happen to him he will recount in a manner which may be described as fascinating. He is a true traveller, with all a traveller's keenness of enjoyment and quickness of perception, and with sufficient literary skill to impart his experience successfully. His oriental habits afford him a double facet, and the light that is in him is refracted most agreeably."—*The Times*.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

A New Edition, in 8vo, price 7s. cloth,
THE CORRELATION OF PHYSICAL FORCES. By W. R. GOSWORTHY, Q.C., M.A., F.R.S., Corresponding Member of the Academies of Rome, Turin, &c. The Third Edition; with Notes and References.
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION OF HOWITT'S AUSTRALIA.
 Just published, in 2 Vols. Crown 8vo, price 10s. cloth,
LAND, LABOUR, AND GOLD; or, Two Years in Victoria:
 with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Second Edition, containing the most recent information.
 "The most interesting, readable, and, of the land of gold which has been presented to the emigrant, most practical account sent to the British public."—*Critic*.

Also by Mr. HOWITT, in 2 Vols., Post 8vo, price 18s.
TALLANGETTA, THE SQUATTER'S HOME: a Story of Australian Life.
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co., Paternoster-row.

In 1 Vol. 8vo, with many hundred Woodcuts, price 50s.
LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING; Comprising
 the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, and Landscape Gardening: including all the latest Improvements, &c. A New Edition, corrected and improved by Mrs. LOUDON.
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co., Paternoster-row.

In 1 Vol. 8vo, with above 12,000 Woodcuts, £3 13s. 6d. cloth,
LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PLANTS. New Edition,
 corrected by Mrs. LOUDON; assisted by GEORGE DOX, F.L.S., and DAVID WOODHEAD, late Curator of the Ipswich Museum.
 * * This Edition contains nearly 250 additional pages, and above 2000 new Illustrations, without addition to the price.

Included in the above, and to be had separately, price 21s.
 SUPPLEMENT; comprising all Plants originated in or introduced into Britain between March, 1840, and March, 1855; with a new General Index to the whole Work, and above 2000 new Woodcuts.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co., Paternoster-row.
 A New Edition, revised; in Fcap. 8vo, price 5s. cloth,
LYRA GERMANICA: Hymns for the Sundays and chief
 Festivals of the Christian Year. Translated from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. The Fifth Edition, with Corrections and Additions.
 * * A Second Series, by the same Translator, is just ready.

The above work forms a Companion to
THEOLOGIA GERMANICA. Translated by S. WINKWORTH:
 With Preface by the Rev. C. KINGSLY, and Prefatory Letter by the Chevalier BUNSEN. Third Edition, Fcap. 8vo, price 6s.
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co., Paternoster-row.

NEW AND GREATLY IMPROVED EDITION OF GALBRAITH AND
 HAUGHTON'S "MANUAL OF ARITHMETIC."
 The Third Edition (Seventh Thousand), thoroughly revised, and containing 1500 Exercises; in Fcap. 8vo, price 2s.

MANUAL OF ARITHMETIC. By the Rev. J. A. GALBRAITH, M.A., and the Rev. S. HAUGHTON, M.A., Fellows and Tutors of Trinity College, Dublin.

In the present edition of the "Manual of Arithmetic," the authors, without departing from their original plan, have availed themselves of the valuable suggestions of several experienced teachers. Various new rules are introduced; an improvement has been effected in the typographical details. Many new exercises on the Chain Rule are given; also a greatly simplified method of stating complex questions under the *Double Rule of Three*. The *Tables of Foreign Money*,
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co., Paternoster-row.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCVI,
 is published THIS DAY.

CONTENTS:—
 I. Boswell. The Early Life of Johnson.
 II. Fictions of Bohemia.
 III. Italian Tours and Tourists.
 IV. Progress of English Agriculture.
 V. Michael Angelo.
 VI. Siege of Lucknow.
 VII. Public Speaking—Earl Stanhope's Address.
 VIII. Fall of the Late Ministry.
 JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

Two Volumes, Small Octavo, with Portrait, 14s.
ESSAYS AND REMAINS OF THE LATE REVEREND
 ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN. Edited, with a Memoir, by the Rev. ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D.
 London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

LATELY PUBLISHED.
RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY. By the Rev. LEWIS TOMLINSON, M.A. Fifth Edition, 4s. 6d.

RECREATIONS IN PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY; or, the Earth
 as it is. By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN. Fifth Edition, 6s.

THE WORLD OF WATERS; or, Recreations in Hydrology.
 By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN. Cheaper Edition, 4s. 6d.

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY. By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN.
 Third Edition, 4s. 6d.

RECREATIONS IN CHEMISTRY. By THOMAS GRIFFITHS.
 Second Edition, 5s.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.
 Price 1s. 6d.

FURTHER LETTERS TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR FRANCIS
 T. BARING, BART., M.P., on CURRENCY. By J. W. COWELL, Esq., B.A.
 JAMES RIDGWAY, 100, Piccadilly.

ARCHDEACON WILLIAMS' ESSAYS.
 Now ready, thick 8vo, with Seven Plates, cloth, 16s.

ESSAYS, PHILOLOGICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, ETHNO-
 LOGICAL, and ARCHEOLOGICAL, connected with the Prehistoric Records of the Civilized Nations of Ancient Europe, especially of that Race which first occupied Great Britain. By JOHN WILLIAMS, A.M. Oxon, Archdeacon of Cardigan.
 J. RUSSELL SMITH, 36, Soho-square, London.

Just published, price 1s.
PRIMULA. A BOOK OF LYRICS.

"The poems of this author remind us often of the best lyrics of Mr. Allingham and Mr. Kingsley. Several of them are in their kind as good as can be."—*Literary Gazette*.
 "There are poetical imagery and poetical spirit in 'Primula.'"—*Spectator*.
 "Any poet of the day might be pleased to have written some of them. The author will make his way rapidly if genius deserves success."—*Tait's Magazine*.
 "Distinguished by rhythmic beauty, exquisite imagery, and genuine poetic spirit."—*Dispatch*.
 London: ROBERT HARDWICK, 102, Piccadilly, W.

Just published, in Post 8vo, price 21s. cloth, Vols. I. and II. of
THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
 By THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG.

EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA.

Now ready, Crown 8vo, price 4s. cloth,
POLITICAL ECONOMY.
 By NASSAU W. SENIOR, Esq.
 Late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford.
 FOURTH EDITION.

"It is at once philosophical and popular; presenting throughout a remarkable specimen of clearness, simplicity, and condensation of language applied to subjects which it is often difficult to treat without harshness and obscurity."—*Edinburgh Review*.

Recent Volumes of this Series.
 PROF. RANKINE'S APPLIED MECHANICS. 12s. 6d.
 SIR JOHN STODDART'S GLOSSOLOGY. 7s. 6d.
 DR. AITKEN'S PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. 15s.
 MR. MAURICE'S MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHY. 5s.

LONDON AND GLASGOW: RICHARD GRIFFIN AND COMPANY.

DE QUINCEY'S WORKS.
 Immediately will be published, Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d., Vol. VIII.

ESSAYS SCEPTICAL AND ANTI-SCEPTICAL,
 ON PROBLEMS NEGLECTED OR MISCONCEIVED.

WALKING STEWART. THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY. SCHLOSSER'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. PROTESTANTISM. THE PAGAN ORACLES. MIRACLES AS SUBJECTS OF TESTIMONY. CASUSTRY. GREECE UNDER THE ROMANS.

JAMES HOGG & SONS, Edinburgh. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, London.

NEW WORK BY CHARLES READE.
 Now ready,
JACK OF ALL TRADES.
 A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

Published with "Autobiography of a Thief." In 1 Vol. Post 8vo, 10s.
 THURNEY and Co., Paternoster-row. Orders received by all the Wholesale Houses.

"THE BEST WORK OF ITS KIND."—*Notes and Queries*.

In one handsome Volume, Post Quarto, pp. 700, price £1 10s. cloth,

ADAPTED FOR
 THE STATESMAN—THE PREACHER—THE LAWYER—THE STUDENT—AND LITERARY MEN—

A TREASURY OF REFERENCE,
 BEING MANY THOUGHTS ON MANY THINGS.

Compiled and analytically arranged by HENRY SOUTHGATE.

"The 'Many Thoughts' are here arranged in the form of an analytical dictionary. We look up any subject under the sun, and are pretty sure to find something that has been said—generally well said—upon it; frequently it is something good, that in our own reading we have overlooked. The indexing is very perfect."—*Examiner*.

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO., FARRINGTON STREET, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

This day is published, Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 4s. 6d., with a Map and Chronological Table,

APOSTOLIC MISSIONS; or, the Sacred History amplified
 and combined with the Apostolic Epistles and contemporary Secular History. By the Rev. J. H. BAKER, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Chaplain of the Hereford County Gaol.
 GROOMBRIDGE and SONS, 5, Paternoster-row.

In 2 Vols. 8vo, cloth lettered, price 15s.

TIME AND FAITH. An Inquiry into the Data of Ecclesiastical
 History.

Also, by the same Author, with a Synopsis of the contents of the above work, price 6d.

THE HISTORY OF SUNDAY.

"So simple, that the plain man may readily comprehend it; and yet so learned, that it may well take rank as a *concise ad clerum*, and be profitably studied in the profound and sacred walls of Oxford and Cambridge."—*Publiola*.

GROOMBRIDGE and SONS, 5, Paternoster-row.

Just published, in 1 Vol., cloth, price 5s.

LETTERS, CONVERSATIONS, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF
 S. T. COLERIDGE. Edited by THOMAS ALLSON, "of Nutfield, in the County of Surrey, and formerly of No. 1, Royal Exchange Buildings, and a Member of the Stock Exchange."

[Reprinted verbatim from the original edition published in 1836 at 10s.]
 London: GROOMBRIDGE and SONS, Paternoster-row. WATERLOW and SONS, 60, London-wall; 24, Birch-lane; and 46, Parliament-street, Westminster. And may be had of all Booksellers.

12mo, cloth, price 4s.

THE LAW OF SINAI, AND ITS APPOINTED TIMES.

By MOSES ANGEL, Head Master of the Jews' Free School.
 London: WILLIAM TEGG and Co., 85, Queen-street, Cheapside.

NEW WORK BY THE REV. TRESHAM GREGG.

Yesterday was published, price 1s.; Library Edition, 5s.
MARY TUDOR, FIRST QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND,
 an Historical Drama, in Five Acts, after the Elizabethan Model. By TRESHAM DAMES GREGG.

Lately, by the same Author,
KING EDWARD THE SIXTH.

"This fine tragedy is worthy of the best ages of English literature."—*People's Paper*.
 JOHN KENDRICK, Ludgate-street, St. Paul's, and Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London, E.C.

MR. BENTLEY'S LIST OF NEW WORKS.

I.
M. GUIZOT.
MEMOIRS OF MY OWN TIME. By M. GUIZOT,
Author of "History of Oliver Cromwell," &c. Vol. I. (to be completed
in 4 Vols.), 8vo, 14s.

II.
SIR W. SLEEMAN, K.C.B.
**A JOURNEY THROUGH THE KINGDOM OF
OUDE IN 1850-51,** undertaken by direction of the Right Hon. the
Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General; together with Private Correspondence
relating to the Annexation of Oude. By Major-General Sir
WILLIAM H. SLEEMAN, K.C.B., Resident at the Court of Lucknow.
2 Vols. Post 8vo, 24s.

III.
J. W. KAYE.
**THE THIRD AND CONCLUDING VOLUME
OF KAYE'S HISTORY OF THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.**
Crown 8vo, 5s. [Now ready.]

IV.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GRAHAM.
THE ELEMENTS OF THE ART OF WAR. By
Lieutenant-Colonel GRAHAM, late Military Secretary to General Vivian.
Crown 8vo, with Plans of Battles, 7s. 6d.

V.
SECOND THOUSAND.
A TIMELY RETREAT; or, a Year in Bengal.
By TWO SISTERS. Second Edition, 2 Vols. Post 8vo, with Illustra-
tions, 21s.

VI.
EARL GREY.
**PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT
CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO A REFORM OF PAR-
LIAMENT: an Essay.** By EARL GREY. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

VII.
DR. DORAN.
HISTORY OF COURT FOOLS. By Dr. DORAN,
Author of "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover,"
&c. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

VIII.
FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND.
CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By
FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND, M.A., Student of Christchurch, Assistant-
Surgeon Second Life Guards. Second Edition, Fcap. 8vo, with Illus-
trations, 6s.

IX.
HORACE WALPOLE.
**THE EIGHTH VOLUME OF HORACE
WALPOLE'S ENTIRE CORRESPONDENCE.** Edited by PETER
CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. 8vo, with Portraits, 10s. 6d.
The Ninth and Concluding Volume in a few days.

X.
**SERMONS IN STONES; or, Scripture Confirmed
by Geology.** By D. M'AVESLAND. New Edition in small 8vo.
[In a few days.]

XI.
**THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE
WORLD.** By Professor CREASY. New and Cheaper Edition, in 8vo,
10s. 6d. [Immediately.]

THE NEW NOVELS.

I.
FRIENDS BY THEIR FIRESIDES. By Mrs. ELLIS,
Author of "The Women of England," &c. 2 Vols. Fcap. 8vo.

II.
THE NETHERWOODS OF OTTERPOOL.
3 Vols.

III.
THE OLD PALACE. By JULIA TILT, Author of
'May Hamilton.' 2 Vols. Post 8vo.

IV.
MARGARET HAMILTON. By Mrs. NEWBY,
Author of "Mabel," and "Sunshine and Shadow." 3 Vols.

V.
THE THREE CLERKS. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,
Author of "Barchester Towers." 3 Vols.

VI.
THE GORDIAN KNOT. By SHIRLEY BROOKS,
Author of "Aspen Court." With Illustrations by Tenniel. No. IV.
(to be completed in Twelve Monthly Parts), price One Shilling.

VII.
QUITS! By the Author of "The Initials." Second
Edition, 3 Vols.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS OF NEW EDITIONS.

1.
The New Edition of
MR. KAYE'S LIFE OF LORD METCALFE.
2 Vols. Post 8vo, price 12s. cloth. [Now ready.]

2.
The New Edition of
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LUTFULLAH: a Mohamedan
Gentleman. Edited by E. B. EASTWICK, Esq., F.R.S. Post 8vo, price 5s. cloth.
[Now ready.]

3.
The New Edition of
**MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH
HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.** Post 8vo, price 2s. 6d.
[Now ready.]

4.
The New Edition of
WUTHERING HEIGHTS AND AGNES GREY.
By EMILY and ANNE BRONTë; with Preface and Memoir of both Sisters by
CHARLOTTE BRONTë. Post 8vo, price 2s. 6d. cloth. [Now ready.]

5.
The New Edition of
A LOST LOVE. By ASHFORD OWEN. Post 8vo,
price 2s. cloth. [Now ready.]

6.
The New Edition (Sixth Thousand) of
THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW: a Diary. By a STAFF
OFFICER. Post 8vo, price 2s. 6d. cloth. [Now ready.]

7.
The Second Edition of
**MARTINEAU'S SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS THE FUTURE
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.** 8vo, price 5s. cloth. [Now ready.]

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1848.
HISTORICAL REVELATIONS, inscribed to Lord Normanby.
By LOUIS BLANC. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d. [This day.]

**A VOICE FROM ENGLAND, IN ANSWER TO
"L'EMPEREUR NAPOLEON III. ET L'ANGLETERRE."** By an ENGLISH-
MAN OUT OF OFFICE. Demy 8vo, price Sixpence. [This day.]

POETS AND POETRY OF GERMANY: Biographical and
Critical Notices. By Madame L. DAVESIES DE PONTES, Translator of
"Egmont," "The Niebelungen Treasure," "Körner's Life and Works." 2 Vols.
Post 8vo, 18s. [On Tuesday next.]

DEDICATED TO SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, M.P.
THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE. By JAMES AUGUSTUS
ST. JOHN, Author of "Isis," "Life of Louis Napoleon," &c. Post 8vo, 8s. 6d.

NEW VOLUME OF THE COMPLETE LIBRARY EDITION OF THE
WORKS OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Vol. II. By CHARLES DICKENS.
Post 8vo, price 6s., with a Vignette.

NEW VOLUME OF CARLYLE'S WORKS.—UNIFORM EDITION.
THE LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. By THOMAS CARLYLE.
Crown 8vo, price 6s.

NEW VOLUME OF LEVER'S WORKS.—CHEAP EDITION.
THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE. Vol. I. By CHARLES LEVER.
With Eight Illustrations by "Phiz." Crown 8vo, 4s.

PAVED WITH GOLD. By AUGUSTUS MATTHEW.
With 26 Illustrations by "Phiz." Demy 8vo, 14s.

NATIONAL REVIEW. No. XII. Price 6s.
[Just published.]

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

NOW READY AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.—MISS BUNBURY'S NEW NOVEL
In 2 Vols., cloth extra,
SIR GUY D'ESTERRE. By SELINA BUNBURY, Author of
"Coombe Abbey," "Our own Story," &c. &c.
London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., Farringdon-street.

A NEW POLITICAL NOVEL.
In Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d., cloth extra,
THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW; or, Fata Morgana. Edited
by WILLIAM DE TYNE (of the Inner Temple).
CONTENTS.—Prologue—Carberry Lodge—The World's Workshop—Governments by
Representatives—The Commons' House—The House of Peers—The Throne—The
Printing House—The Church—The Law—The Centres and the Great Centre—The
Foreign States—The Inner Life—The Public Service—India—The Earth as seen from
the Moon.
London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., Farringdon-street.

BY ROBERT BELL.
In Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d., cloth extra, or with gilt edges, 8s.
**WAYSIDE PICTURES, THROUGH FRANCE, HOLLAND,
BELGIUM, AND UP THE RHINE.** By ROBERT BELL. With numerous
Illustrations and Frontispiece by Birket Foster.

"The whole of this work has been thoroughly revised, some part entirely re-written,
and the local information respecting the places visited brought down to the present
moment, so that on the lines of route traversed it will be found of the highest value to
the tourist. The whole of that section relating to the Rhine, and embracing the ascent
of the Drachenfels, the river to Mayence, Wiesbaden, Ems, Schlangenbad, &c., has been
added to the original work, and is now published for the first time."

London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., Farringdon-street.

LONDON: Printed by THOMAS CHURCHILL SAVILL and JAMES ALLON EDWARDS, at their Office,
4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, in the County of Middlesex; and Published by
DAVID JONES, of 2, Hemingford Cottages, Islington, at the Office, 39, Southampton-street,
Strand, in the same County.—April 17, 1858.